

Punch





'The secret of my Martinis? Martini!'

It's as simple as that! Hardly a secret at all, except that it *must* be Martini . . . just two-thirds Martini Dry (you know, the one in the green bottle) and one-third gin, well-chilled, and there you are! Good isn't it? Have another.

*Better drink Martini
sweet or dry*



PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXV No. 6161

SEPTEMBER 17 1958



Articles

- 360 WOLF MANKOWITZ
Western Approaches: Entertainment
- 363 CLAUD COCKBURN
Father and Son
- 365 ERIC KEOWN
Introduction Wanted
- 367 BERNARD HOLLOWOOD
I Predict
- 368 MONICA FURLONG
Woof-Woof!
- 370 J. B. BOOTHROYD
Directive
- 373 H. F. ELLIS
And Those Behind Cried "Forward!"
- 375 CHES GUDENIAN
For Art's Sake
- 376 T. S. WATT
Forbidden Fruit
- 386 PATRICK RYAN
The Hair in My Life

Verse

- 366 E. S. TURNER
Secretary Mechanized
- 369 KATHARINE DOWLING
Song of the Chelsea Householders

Features

- 358 PUNCH DIARY
- 372 TOBY COMPETITIONS
- 383 IN THE CITY
Lombard Lane
- 383 IN THE COUNTRY
Lanning Roper
- 384 FOR WOMEN

Criticism

- 378 BOOKING OFFICE
Anthony Powell: Land of King Minos
- 379 THEATRE (Eric Keown)
- 381 BALLET (C. B. Mortlock)
- 381 FILMS (Peter Dickinson)
- 382 RADIO (Henry Turton)

Subscriptions

If you wish to have *Punch* sent to your home each week, send £2 16s. 0d.* to the Publisher, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

*For overseas rates see page 388

© Bradbury, Agnew & Company, Limited—1958

CHARIVARIA

AMERICANS are pretty invulnerable to Communist propaganda by now, but Moscow radio's description of Chiang's defenders as "wretched remnants huddled in their rocky fox-holes" coincided with Washington's newest loan to Nationalist China, bringing the total so far to £2,000,000,000 . . . and this stung a little.

It was refreshing, after so much TV lip-service, to hear Mr. Eric Maschwitz announce ambitious Sabbath-day comedy programmes for the B.B.C. with the down-to-earth comment, "We don't want Sunday to become a religious festival."

SOME DOCTORS have expressed strong disapproval of a husband's being with his wife when the baby is born, though a few staunch anti-A.I.D. men argue that he ought to show up some time.

FEATURE editors of the London evening papers seem to be hard-pressed just now, what with the Great Battles of the Bible being refought in the *Standard* by General Sir Richard Gale, and a



News series splashed under the heading "Always Something New in the *Evening News*" which turned out to be articles on Princess Margaret.

EDUCATIONISTS' mounting problems were emphasized again the other day

when an angry Gloucester parent protested to the City Council that his lad had been caned on a recently-healed stab-wound.

THE B.B.C.'s complaint that no one telephoned about Mrs. Dale's meningitis, though the switchboard had been



jammed with calls when her dog Bosun died, only shows that the Corporation simply doesn't understand *people*.

"Colonel H. M. Lambert, ranger of Wimbledon Common and Putney Heath . . . is to tour in a loudspeaker van and warn people not to leave litter . . ."—*The Star*
Anything about not touring in loud-speaker vans?

SMART women in New York are snapping up London policemen's capes, and Mr. Norman Manley as near as dammit decided to take a helmet back to Jamaica.

It is said in the City that those banks declining to have any part of the personal loans scheme are guilty of the worst kind of cheap, unprofessional sensationalism.

Golden Wedding

AN honorary member of Parnassus,
And of the Muses the adopted son—
So, dear Sir Winston, once before we hailed you,

As much in veneration as in fun.
Now may this further title you enrich:
Permanent Holder of the Dunmow Flitch.



Punch Diary

LADY MUNNINGS, who, as is widely known, possesses a stuffed Pekinese dog called Black Knight, told a newspaper that she had had a great deal of correspondence since the rocket of the same name was hurled three hundred miles into the air above Woomera ranges. What, I wonder, did her correspondents write about? Did they perhaps imagine that it was Lady Munnings's dog that had been fired into the sky? And after all, the idea is not so ridiculous. It would be a typical British compromise if, unable to face the obloquy that would inevitably result if they sent up a live dog like the Russians, the British rocket scientists were to compound for a stuffed one.

Sluice-Gates Latest

LATEST to bask in the expansive glow of the new banking are the City page journalists. They assembled in strength last week under the cream and gold ceiling of the Stationers' Hall, shook the hand of Monckton of the good old Midland, dropped their cigarette-ends and puff-pastry sausage-rolls on the parquet, heard all about Personal Cheques, and carried away the biggest and glossiest folder of handouts in the history of public relations. Drink flowed like credit, and at last the financial newspaperman felt that he had caught up with colleagues in other departments who for years have been returning to the office from exhibitions of dogs' bedding, food fairs, film receptions and the like, in no fit state to get their handouts into the wastepaper-basket in under three throws. From all this the money experts have been excluded. The dreary round of annual

general meetings has been their lot. Now all is changed. Barclays and the National Provincial are bound to be giving their parties soon: all hope has not yet been abandoned for Lloyds and the Westminster... Things are indeed changed for the City page man. Future speculators had perhaps better study his advice column with care: gin-and-figures is a combination that could easily lead to loose reasoning, wild recommendations and careless placing of the decimal point.

Keeping the Brake On

IT was a refreshing change, after all those astronomical hit-or-miss estimates of atomic costs, to turn to the announcement that a three-shillings-a-week bicycle allowance is to be paid by Blandford (Dorset) Town Council to the Town Clerk, Mr. Charles Lavington. This is a sensible budget that the layman can grasp, break down to a day-by-day basis, and see, roughly, how it is arrived at. Besides, the Town Clerk can't go blustering about with his bicycle as though it were a Black Knight, and say one day that it cost £48,000,000 and the next that it was less than £5,000,000.

This Way Up

PUBLISHERS combine to press the high standards, low rewards and general uplift-value of their work upon the world. Yet they cannot, or will not,

combine to come to a simple agreement that the lettering on the spines of all books goes the same way. It is quite intolerable that one should have to walk round bookshelves making oneself dizzy and disturbing the silence by cricking one's neck from book to book. In a world where there is, if anything, too much legislation it is odd to find pockets where there is too little. But if the Publishers Association refuses to lay down a rule why cannot the Government do it? Everyone would gain and nobody would lose, except manufacturers of embrocation.

The Rack

WHEN Professor Ferguson told the psychology section of the British Association that juvenile criminals were more likely to be small boys than tall boys (according to a recent and valuable survey) he was unable to give any very convincing reason. Nor did he touch on the average width of wide boys. Psychologists, however, are often reluctant to take things at their most obvious, and it seems to me, remembering that crime statistics can only rest on detected cases, that the small boy is (a) of a convenient size to be put through a larder window and detected by an alert householder, and (b) unable to run away as fast as his longer-legged accomplice. Perhaps the Home Secretary should consider whether some judicious stretching of under-sized delinquents would not do the trick, and at the same time supply an unobjectionable compromise between psychiatric treatment and a return to flogging.

Decoy Tactics

AN attractive aspect of the butter glut in Belgium is the fact that the cows in Holland are reported to be trained to come for milking to the frontier fence, beneath which a pail is passed. We are given no details as to how this training is effected, but presumably some such method is employed as the reputed use by dog-stealers of aniseed balls in the turn-up of the trouser. Why should not this principle be applied to fish? Some tasty ground-bait might be liberally distributed in the North Sea, so that all the cod would voluntarily emigrate from the Icelandic twelve-mile area and make themselves available in less un hospitable tracts of ocean.



"Between the four walls of the Stavropol Legion Economic Council, Mr. Bulgannin, what's he really like?"



Norman Macbride

FACE

Aspects of modern thought and behaviour

WESTERN APPROACHES : Entertainment



DON'T GET MIXED UP WITH ART

BY WOLF MANKOWITZ

A ROISTERING old signing-off number still used by hard-worked comics enumerates the corny gimmicks certain to win audience approval. The refrain of this sad catalogue is "That's en-ter-tain-ment!" Fatalistically it doesn't attempt to explain why the public should want the hero to get the girl, the villain to be shot, the elephants or the dancing-girls to be brought on, or the comedian to fall flat on his face. Pros don't care why. They're satisfied if the gag gets a hand. Consequently you hardly ever find an entertainer with much more philosophy than it takes to explain why the patter went down better with the first house. As some acute critic once observed—if poets were pessimistic philosophers they would write pessimistic philosophy.

Consideration of what makes entertainment go is likely, however, to fall into the pessimistic philosophy class. Any Wardour Street film-distributor knows that the public wants a boy-girl story, a happy ending, a hopeful message, glamour, chase, and sensational spectacle. But he knows it by having observed that when offered such commodities the public buys. Like the entertainer he employs, the man who presents entertainment believes that too much thought given to *why?* can frighten you out of the business into the art-house. In show business "art" is a term synonymous with losing money—which is to say losing audiences.

But although Entertainment can't afford to have much to do with Art, the two of them have a long weird relationship. They continually lust over one another without much consolation. They frequently sentimentalize together, invariably to end up fighting. Repeatedly they try to make a go of it, repeatedly they divorce. In moments of rapture they scream at each other; in

moments of rapture, those rare occasions when Art pays off by entertaining a large number of people, they kid themselves (like other loving couples) that it will last for ever. The only party to this continually re-broken marriage that this suits is the divorce lawyer. In this case—the critic.

The critic, even in the rare cases when he knows something about how shows happen, has to pretend that he doesn't. He is largely concerned to record first-nights so perceptively that other critics fifteen years later will find his diatribes worth quoting. Though he hopes to influence people, he represents no one. Though his opinion may help or hinder a show, he has no part in the effect. He may continue to enthuse about a play long after its notice has been posted, its actors dispersed, its capital lost. He may recommend in terms utterly strange and foreign to his readers. He judges at an ideal level of absolute beauty and truth without referring to a jury and without a defence counsel being provided. A prosecuting counsel he supplies in himself. The top critic is one of the biggest stars in an industry

which has always depended on the star-system. Though the poorest paid, he is the most completely secure one-man show in the business, even when his principle is to attack the one-man show.

The professional critic, this journalist who lives off copy found in the theatre or its foyer, has been described by a well-known star of my acquaintance as a ponce. This is not too bad a technical description for one who lives on the work of a whore—a term frequently applied to the Theatre. No doubt there have been ponces who led a sheltered life of beauty and art while their girls were out on the trot. An unearned income has always been a good basis for a philosophical attitude towards life. Certainly those who don't have to perform for the pleasure of the public are in a much better position to be perfectionist about the business. These *voyeurs* are the only jugglers who make a regular profit out of the conflict between Art and Entertainment.

Everyone else in show business suffers a great deal from the conflict. If I might be personal about it for a moment. I am thirty-three and I do not





"... and this one will ward off re-entering nose-cones."

want to die—in the Theatre least of all, because the means of dying are more painful there than anywhere else. Yet my business is that of a professional entertainer and I must, several times a year, run the gauntlet of a first-night in one medium or another. Having done this for a few years now I have developed those muscles that are an essential part of every public entertainer's survival kit. I may have become a little muscle-bound in the course of protecting my sensitive parts, and no doubt my sensibility has coarsened a touch from suffering—but I can survive any number of critics.

About myself and Art. For a respectable entertainer, Art (like adultery) is something he should commit only when he is quite certain he can get away with it. When the cost of a roll in the hay with Art is low, or there are attendant circumstances of an extenuating nature, an entertainer may get by without many questions being asked. But if the affair and the cost is too major

then even Sir Laurence Olivier will not be allowed to film *Macbeth*. I sympathize with Sir Laurence in this. Due to circumstances over which I had very little control I had the bad luck once to spend six days and one night making a film which won an Oscar and several other less stigmatizing awards. I have never been employed as a film entertainer since, although up to that moment the discreditable credit of having written two large-scale money-makers had made me a reasonably hot proposition. One more short time rolling among the awards (a film distributor warned me) and I would be completely done for. Is it any wonder that I have grown extremely careful about getting involved with Art? As I enter the middle years I do so with the wisdom, skill and cunning to hide any fancy ambitions that may endanger my livelihood and professional standing. As a respectable married entertainer aged beyond my years I know that you can hardly ever get away with it.

It is, however, very difficult to break

a perverse habit like smoking or art-fancying. Anyway, non-smokers eat too many sweets and successful commercialists develop a hankering for art. At one time I hoped that occupational therapy as an impresario would break my art-habit and give me a taste for cigars which are said to be better for the health than cigarettes. I have now presented eight or nine shows and, though I have suffered knowledge which would turn the hair of any sheltered critic white over a first night, I still don't fancy cigars or totally loathe Art.

But I'm glad to say my art-habit is a little broken down. I early discovered that there was nothing economically wrong with a show of artistic distinction in the West End that a Rockefeller couldn't cure. I also discovered that there was a severe shortage of Rockefellers who wanted to be doctors. The very rich have one thing in common—losing money makes them feel silly. I have a few contacts on an Art Committee who tell me that, due to their

recommendations, the next Labour Government is going to be different in this respect from the private capitalists who at present run public entertainment. Probably one of the differences will result from the fact that the next Labour Government (like every other government) knows nothing about the business. After all, that great political slapstick act, the to-be-or-not-to-be-a-summit routine, isn't exactly bringing the public in. Or taking them in either.

Alas! the interruption of what is laughingly called reality reminds one that the purpose of the industry occasioning these digressions is to entertain the larger world. It is a thought sobering enough to turn any public entertainer to drink, especially when he realizes how increasingly important he is becoming to the public. For as western society grows more sickened by itself, as the real world becomes an H-film to survive, so show

business increases in importance. The industry of providing a fantasy world which is a little more fun to live in provides a major social therapy. The retreat from Suez and the road to Damascus lead on to Wichita, and the ineptness of statesmen makes Wyatt Earp a good practical prospect for president. A sight of Eden in the newspapers makes the latest superscope spectacular (loosely derived from the *Fall of Man*) a less anxiety-making show to watch. No wonder great entertainers gain more worship than gods or politicians. They touch up your fantasies and leave your life alone.

Still, a quick look over the entertainment industry leaves one with very little doubt as to the insanity of our society. Suicide, murder, alcoholism and the search for peace are all symptoms which cry for entertainment. Talk about commitment—there is no need. When we turn off the television set, come out of the theatre, blink when the lights come up at the cinema, we all know well enough that we are back there in the real insane world, committed as surely as a condemned prisoner is. It's been going on for years too, the historic goon show that no-one can switch off. A quiz-master once told me that between 1500 B.C. and A.D. 1860 about 8,000 peace treaties were signed. Each was supposed to secure permanent peace—each lasted about two years.

In such historical circumstances it is no wonder that no business has become more essential to the human race than show business. We need an out from time to time—more often as time manages to go on. Soon, if the audiences have their way (and they always tend to be rather more successful in this respect than the critics), life will become a non-stop spectacular revue featuring Drackenstein and strip-tease, Colonel Bogey Rides Again, gallant cow-herding illiterates, and not forgetting colourful nostalgic old-fashioned wars in which people were simply blown up with no after-effects. And needless to say, as much cleavage as you need to fall into to forget that the big show ends with everybody being blasted around the world in eighty seconds.



"It all started with the leak in the ceiling."

Next Week: **R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW**
Other contributors:

D. F. KARAKA

JOHN WAIN

DREW MIDDLETON

Father and Son

By CLAUD COCKBURN

HE asked had I ever visited Newer New Town. I disclaimed the experience.

In that case, remarked Larksby, I could not be expected to have known the select and well-positioned boarding-house favoured at holiday time by the families Poindexter, Dermott, and Larksby. Mrs. Larksby, said Larksby, had been a woman of compelling beauty and luminous intelligence. In this she was resembled, though perhaps in lesser degree, by Mesdames Poindexter and Dermott.

"Yet," said Larksby, "more went sky-high when that boarding-house blew up than three beautiful women together with the husbands of two of them, the ever-considerate landlady, and the temporary help."

"A holocaust," I murmured.

"As you rightly say," responded Larksby, "and in it perished, too, three systems of thought, three distinct approaches to life, three—if I may so express myself—*Weltanschauungen*."

"In what sphere, sir, did these divergencies manifest themselves?"

"In that of education: of what, in fact, was best for the bairns."

"There were bairns?"

"Three. One per. Male. Thirteen, twelve and twelve."

"Excellent, I am in the picture."

It was, proceeded Larksby, the view of Mrs. Poindexter—and in this, as in all other matters, she enjoyed the unstinted support of Poindexter—that their son Thomas should grow up in an atmosphere of joy and confidence. As one means to this end the Poindexters made it a rule, when offering Thomas a newspaper or magazine for his perusal, to paste strips of blank paper over all written and illustrated matter other than the advertisements.

The effect was indeed sunny.

Goody-licious were the chocs in the world thus revealed to Thomas; they made children shout "Yum-yum" and, for a quite small box of them, lovely girls fell, flaming and melting like passionate candles, into the arms of the donor. Everywhere men rejoiced, for their shirts were oh-so-rite for occasions formal or informal, their cars, lawn

mowers, yachts and hats came as a revelation of what comfort and smartness could be, their bank managers smiled at them reassuringly, women were madly in love with them because they were close-shaved and free from dandruff. And, in consequence of all the pills and lotions, nobody stank.

There were, inevitably, even in that blithe world, moments of grief, remorse and apprehension. There was the time George nearly failed to gain promotion in his plutonium firm because his nerves twanged like fiddle-strings and he was repeatedly found sleeping soddenly at his desk at 11 a.m. But sadness did not endure for long. A visit to the wise and good doctor, a piece of advice no sooner offered than taken, just that little something extra with the *goodnight* milk or with the nutritious breakfast for all-day living, and George was assistant manager at double the expense account.

Little Thomas—Tommy as he was universally called—did once ask his mother what happened to the man who had relied on getting the job instead of George. She told him not to give rein to morbid speculations.

"Oh dear! But how too, too erroneous!" was the comment of Mrs. Dermott—known to many as "the *belle* of the eggheads"—when apprised of the Poindexter system. "*Our* Thomas"—for the junior Dermott was also so named—"by exposure to germ-laden reality, shall build up moral immunities. Thus, evil will assail him as vainly as might myxomatosis a twenty-fifth generation rabbit."

Nothing was too nasty for the young Dermott. The trial of a delinquent scoutmaster reported in the *News of the World*, the speech of some American Senator, the venomous and sordid chat of first-class cricketers, were all impartially laid before him. Visits to horror films were *de rigueur*. While, in the apartments occupied by the Poindexters, Tommy P. was sent to bed early when radio or TV programmes gave warning of the imminent appearance of some statesman explaining his work for peace and progress, Tommy D. was under strict instruction to hear or view such offerings from end to end. His



"It's in the nature of an ultimatum."

piteous cries of "Take me out," his evident nausea, his threats of appeal to the N.S.P.C.C., were rigorously ignored.

"And the attitude," I queried, "of the late, as I gather it would be correct to term her, Mrs. Larksby?"

"Was one, sir, of what she was wont to characterize as constructive moderation. 'We shall give our Tommy,' she said, 'a sound, good old, all-round education. His ration of reading matter shall be liberal, but conservative!'"

"Shakespeare?" I hazarded.

"Within reason," said Larksby, "and, among the ultra-moderns, Galsworthy and some others. *Meden again*, my wife used to say, for she was a devotee of all that is best in the heritage of Greece. 'Enough is as good as,' I well remember her saying to me once, 'a feast.'"

Naturally, as Larksby pointed out, the three Tommies had little time for leisure during the holiday season. On the pier and the sands, Mrs. Poindexter emphasized, there was no one so wholesome and happy as the folk in the detergent advertisements, nor, Mrs. Dermott complained, more than an inadequate handful so perversely depraved as those whom Tommy D. could meet by the score in his well-thumbed volumes of Spillane. As for Tommy Larksby, he was only half-way across the *Forsyte Saga*, and they had promised to take him later to one or two

beauty spots in the Charles Snow saga too, with perhaps a glimpse of sunset on the peak of Arnold Toynbee if they were lucky.

Yet, despite their varied upbringing, the three boys were, when their educational tasks permitted, inseparable. They seemed to have developed some absorbing common interest. Apart from occasional visits to the refuse dump of a near-by atomic plant, or the ammunition stores of the American Air Force Camp a mile or more away, they spent all their off-duty hours in the cellar of the boarding-house.

"I wonder what on earth they find to do down there?" Mrs. Poindexter used to say. Mrs. Dermott and Mrs. Larksby used to say so, too.

"Their doubts," said Larksby, "were set at rest—if the expression be not a solecism in the circumstances—by the occurrence of a formidable explosion which, originating in the cellar, hoisted the entire boarding-house some 600 feet into the air, where it seemed to hang for a moment before disintegrating utterly."

Larksby, at that moment, had been taking the three Tommies for a walk on the promenade. Drawing their attention to a hugging couple on a bench, he conscientiously pointed out to Tommy Poindexter that this was love, love, beautiful, radiant love; to Tommy Dermott that the girl was a sex-mad wanton and the man, to all appearance, a homicidal sadist who would later, in revolting circumstances, do her in; and to his own Tommy that the choice of a public bench, though dictated by economic necessity, yet enforced a limit of moderation which, under less exposed conditions, might have been over-stepped.

"They may be said, Tommy," Larksby had observed, "to be symbolic of the British Way of Life."

For some time, however, he had been aware that the children's interest had been divided between the boarding-house a few hundred yards off and the clock at the end of the pier. They were clearly expectant of an event, and as the hand of the clock moved to 2.59 one of them remarked "Only a

minute to go, boys, if we set the fuse right."

"Newer New Town," Larksby observed to me, "is not San Bernardino, California, and the violent taking off of five regular summer visitors, a landlady, and a unit of catering personnel, immediately engaged the attention of the police authorities."

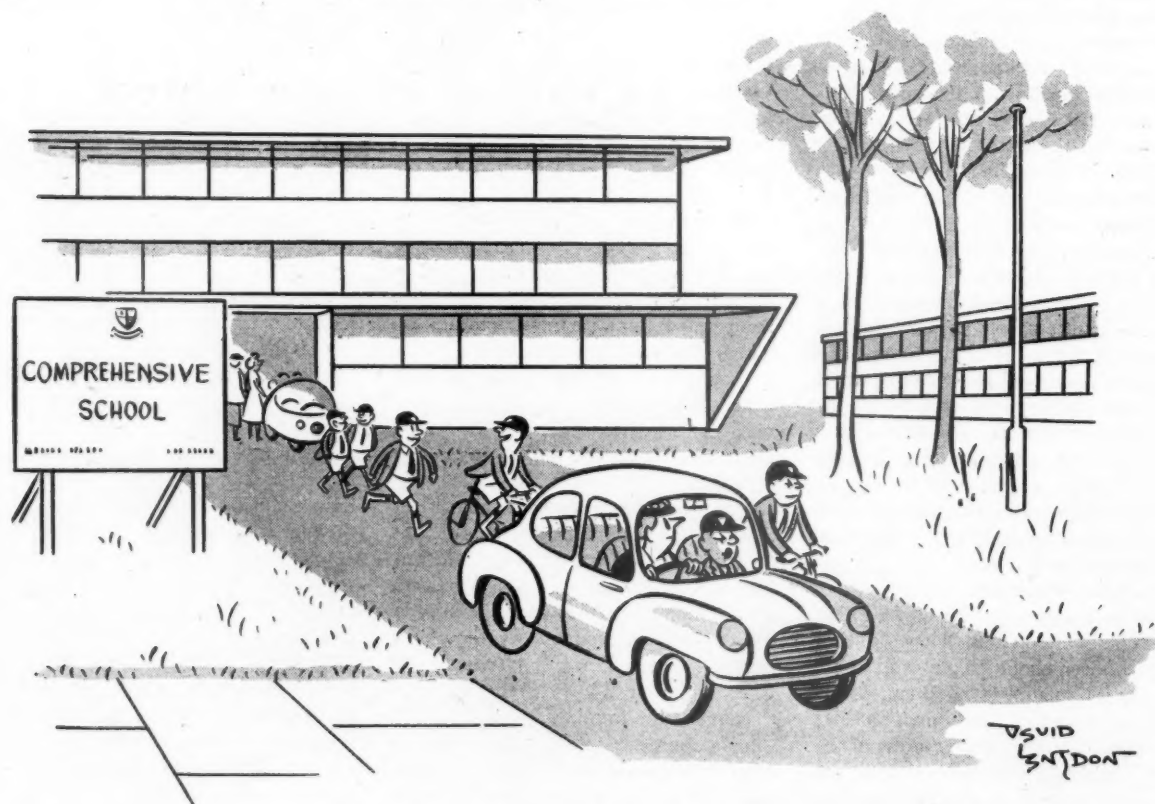
"I knew that the boys were truly sorry that it had been impossible to make their omelet of the happy advertising faces, the nameless orgies and the thought-provoking novels without, as it were, breaking eggs. But I was apprehensive of the view that might be taken by the representatives of the Law. I need not have fretted. This was where education told."

The Chief Constable was quickly upon the scene, and began sharply to question the children. He sought to show them the enormity of the event.

"But it's an awfully happy thing, really, isn't it?" said Tommy Poindexter.

"So that's your attitude, is it?" snapped the Chief Constable.

"I mean," said Tommy P., "Mum



"Oh, we learned a bit of everything to-day, Ma."

must look simply bewitching in her halo, the Little Hat with the Big Glow. And with the new easy-to-play harp, I expect Dad's learning that it's fun to strum."

Touched by the simple faith of a child, the Chief Constable turned on Tommy Dermott, who said "Say, listen, Chief, would a coupla hundred nicker in untraceable ones, cash on the barrel-head, help ya forget the whole regrettable episode?"

The Chief Constable gaped, uncomprehending.

"Are you Sir Galahad or just playing hard to get?" inquired the young Dermott.

It was Tommy Larksby who saved the situation. "Remember, sir," he said, "the little lad has recently become an orphan for the first time in his life, and the experience has unhinged him. I know that you don't for an instant entertain the macabre idea that any one of us could have had anything to do with what seems to have been some kind of spontaneous eruption. In to-day's Britain young boys don't do that sort of thing. We're not in Harlem, Chief Constable," he added sternly.

Already two thousand people, deeming the American Air Force responsible for the outrage, were advancing on the camp shouting "Yanks go home!" Two thousand other people, convinced that the guilt lay with the Atomic Plant, were marching round it with banners and bands playing the "Mutation Blues."

"This sort of thing can't happen here," said the youthful Larksby. "It follows logically that it has *not* happened. What we have here is simply a hole in the road—an essentially British phenomenon. People, whether work-bound or on pleasure bent, will be glad to pause and look at it, once they know what it is."

"I could put up a simple notice to the effect that it is a hole in the road," said the Chief Constable.

"With the exception of paid agitators and the lunatic fringe," said T. Larksby, "public opinion will be behind you."

2 2

"Psychic researcher (member S.P.R.), collecting material . . ."

Advertisement in The Times

Collecting *what?*



"He wasn't swimming anti-clockwise before we asked Mrs. Candleberry to look after him."

Introduction Wanted

By ERIC KEOWN

THERE was nothing heroic about my burglary, on either side. Even my dog came out of it badly, and he spends half his life in advanced exercises in detection. Here was I, if you are interested, and there were these two burglars. I should say it was about twenty-four minutes past three on a filthy afternoon when foot-and-mouth had put paid to pig-sticking. In fact that is exactly what I did say to the inspector afterwards. I was sitting grappling with some minor characters in *War and Peace*, with a French sub-cigar stuck in my face, and I heard a small noise in the hall. Not a woolly enough noise for a mouse, and yet not sharp enough for the gastric tick which afflicts our telephone in inclement weather. Never at his best after lunch, my dog turned down flat my suggestion of intruders. But very bravely, as I see it, looking back, I strode to the door and opened it with care.

I don't know which of us was more

alarmed, I or the muscular young man helping himself anxiously to cigarettes in the room across the hall. It was all over in about five seconds. He shot towards me, edging round the door, shadow-boxing in rapid motion as he came. Handicapped as I was by my cigar and my reading-glasses, which turn everything beyond two feet into a kind of blurred blancmange, all I could do, with no poker or grape-shot at hand, was to fall into a similar routine. There was never less than a yard between us. As he disappeared down the steps to the kitchen, being joined by a second felon from the dining-room, I attempted a manly imprecation of a rather terrible nature. But only half of it came out, the other half getting hopelessly wedged in my throat, as even quite innocent remarks will do in nightmares.

No doubt I could have lashed myself into pursuit, but I have always held this to be a job for experts, especially in bad weather. Soon after I telephoned

"Sorry, madam—staff
only allowed up
the ladder!"



the house was pretty well surrounded with radio vans and gendarmes in both sorts of hat and uncharitable-looking hounds pulling plain-clothes sergeants all over the place. But scent was poor, and our fleetest constable had only just got back from a severe abdominal operation. In the days that followed I had to endure a great many photographs of men with rather ambitious faces, but all I could remember was that one of my visitors had had a bad shave. I suppose what I was suffering from was visual concussion or something like that.

Anyway, the morning the cheque arrived from Lloyds I heard that both boys were in the bag and all my silver was safe. It turned out to have been a prodigiously amateur affair, and was subsequently rated at six months.

As I stood in the box and recounted this drama very slowly to a serried bank of magistrates, in a distant sort of way my burglars and I got to know one another fairly well. They were harmless characters, indistinguishable but for the fact that one had ears that stuck out like ailerons, while those of the second seemed clamped to his head by press-poppers. Rancour was absent. Our references to the opposite party were impeccably polite. Indeed, I almost warmed to them. But of course no steps were taken to introduce us.

I feel very strongly that they should have been. This gap in our penal finesse, small as it may seem, can give rise to a chain of mounting embarrassments causing incalculable damage to the nervous system. Both my burglars live in the village at the end of my lane,

and now, I am glad to say, they are back. But the undefined nature of our relationship is making life intolerable for all of us.

The first time we met they were in front of me in a bus-queue, and their necks turned a bruised purple. I dare say mine did too. They took care to go upstairs, while I dashed inside. The chain of panic had begun. A few days afterwards I saw them coming towards me in the lane. Should I turn back, clutching my brow as if smitten by a sudden migraine? Or should I, as I passed, murmur "Good afternoon, I hope everything was satisfactory at the Scrubs"? Clearly they were also trapped by a fearful moment of similar indecision. In fact I became absorbed by the left-hand landscape—an old thorn hedge filled with paper bags, and they by the right, and we got by with dignity, although my dog let us all down by wagging himself at their feet. Last week I had to hide behind a butcher's van, and yesterday as I simply ran home, gibbering, they went over the skyline even faster.

I see no end to this monstrous dilemma, except that fairly soon we shall all three be put away. But our martyrdom may not have been in vain. I am writing to Mr. Butler begging him, as soon as he can spare a moment from Notting Hill, to fix it that when two parties to a burglary are neighbours they should both be asked to tea by the probation officer the moment the shackles have been knocked off.

Secretary, Mechanized

ANITA types. You scarcely see
The neat transcriber at her ear.
The tape turns confidentially,
And no one else can overhear.

One pressure of a varnished toe—
Her master ceases to dictate.
Another button pressed—and lo!
She makes him recapitulate.

She frowns. The drums no longer spin.
Her boss's door is half agape.
The man is making so much din
She cannot hear him on the tape.

E. S. TURNER

I Predict

by

BERNARD

HOLLOWOOD

(With acknowledgments to an interminable
Daily Express feature)

I PREDICT that Godfrey Winn will never marry (but see postscript).

I PREDICT that the Beaverbrook press will continue to run its "Lord Luck" column on astrology for people "who are determined to succeed in life," for people "with minds of their own."

I PREDICT that the public will never again accept the risks inherent in a geophysical year, that the Russians will be first to the moon with a human rocket passenger, and that the passenger will not be Nikita Khrushchev. Scientists will discover that the other, unseen, side of the moon is inhabited by beings of great intelligence who will admit—once a common language with Earthmen has been devised—that they live where they do because the very sight of the Earth and its politicians is repugnant to them. The first man-made crater on the moon will be named New Canaveral. By 1970 there will be Canaverals on Mars.

I PREDICT that wages will rise faster than taxes, that the Government will nationalize football pools and as a result will be driven to discourage the pursuit of Rugby football in all schools.

I PREDICT that T. S. Eliot and Erskine Caldwell will combine forces to write a verse play with a sizzling love interest for the Royal Court Theatre.

I PREDICT that the Riviera will extend its territorial waters to twelve miles, and that the *Shemara* will be boarded by Monegasque security officers.

I PREDICT that people will continue to write letters to *The Times* beginning (as one did only last week) "If uncontrolled immigration

is allowed to persist at the present rate, it must lead in due course to a change in the colour of the average inhabitant of the British Isles." Scientists, now at work with the sensational "TX" ray method of photographing the past, will offer incontrovertible proof that Adam and Eve were black or perhaps nigger brown, but colour prejudice will continue unabated.

I PREDICT *My Fair Lady*.

I PREDICT that the United States will recognize the People's Republic of Red China several years too late.

I PREDICT that Sunday newspapers will grow in circulation *pari passu* with the decline in church attendance. The mental and spiritual uplift once provided by religious ceremony is now geared to a

weekly session with the *Sunday Times* and the *Observer*, sermons have been replaced by tracts on nuclear warfare and the memoirs of retired generals, and the comfort of the hymnal has given way to the strains of Tynan, Brasher, George Schwartz and William Clark. I predict that the Lord's Day Observance Society will campaign uselessly against the Sunday newspapers and that someone or other (it could be me) will accuse the *Observer* and the *Sunday Times* of having a vested interest in agnosticism.

I PREDICT that Bank Rate will be cut by one per cent, though—cross my heart—I know no more of the Treasury's intentions than the next man. The banks will make unsecured personal loans. There will be a renewal of the inflation scare. Bank Rate will be pushed up by one or two per cent. The banks will call in their loans and credit policy will tighten up. There will be more talk of deflation.

I PREDICT that Aneurin Bevan will become leader of the Labour Party, that there will be a General Election in November 1959, that the Liberals will sweep the country leaving neat deposits here and there.

I PREDICT that I PREDICT will fail to predict the demise of I PREDICT.

P.S.—If I am wrong about my first prediction (it would be wonderful if I am), one thing is certain. The name will not be Diana Dors or Sabrina.



"I can still hear the rain."

Woof-Woof!

By MONICA FURLONG

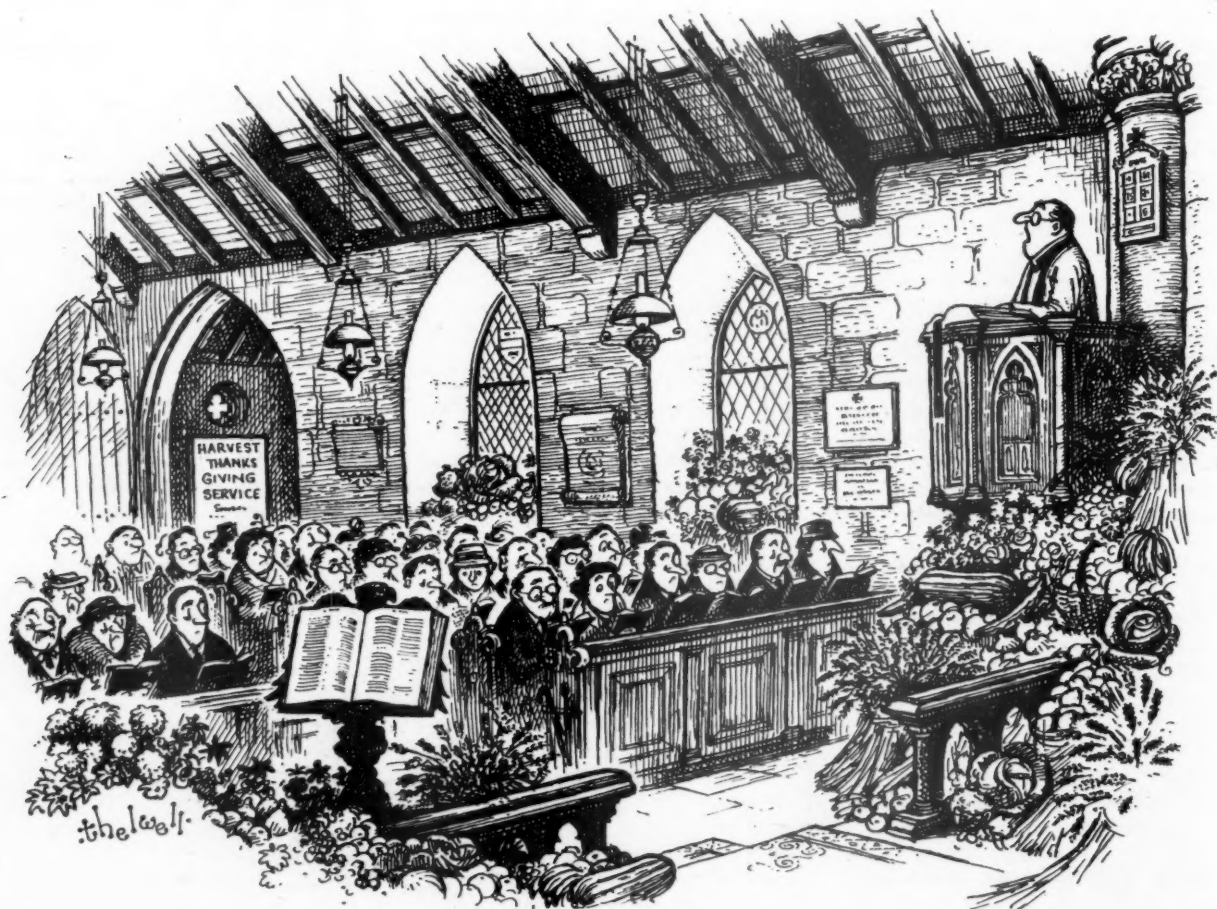
"The antics of Top People in their efforts to outstrip the hounds of suburbia following ever closer on their tracks can be amusing."—Susan Chitty in *"The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Good Taste."*

AND exasperating? Speaking as a dumb friend, some of us dogs (and bitches) are baying for blood. Whose blood? Well, to start with how about a nibble of *Vogue* for that terrier in the corner? And a soupçon of *Harper's* for the bloodhound over there? And a swift passing snap at the only professor ever to have the carpet dyed to match her finger-nails? And a good swingeing bite at Miss Sirioli

Hugh-Jones? (Yes, of course it's bad taste to mention names.) Before the snarling becomes absolutely deafening I should explain that we suburbanites are getting pretty touchy. You could sum our reactions up in one sentence. We don't want to be told. Of course we don't mind the Top People having their own newspaper ("To each his own horror comic" has always been axiomatic with us), and we could never bring ourselves to grudge them anything except perhaps their naïve pleasure in the Dales—but we have our pride and our traditions, and when it comes to their sending out missionaries to convert us, well, it's just too much. ("Will you kindly leave that sacred cow *alone*,

Miss Withers? Please to cover your arms as you enter the Basilica, Miss Grenfell.") All we ask is to be left to enjoy our Bad Taste—to dwell unfussed among our baby pianos and our Van Gogh sunflowers. (I take the authors' word on these points. I have never seen either in the suburbs. A descant recorder, now, yes. Or maybe a clever bit of marquetry—three camels, two palm trees and Everest in the background. But that is about the limit of our musical and pictorial ambition.)

I'm not saying that One World-Wide Taste wouldn't be nice—I like a bit of religion myself—it's just that we've got our Bad Taste, like they've got their Good Taste, and they should respect it.



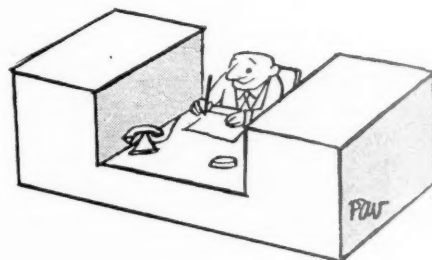
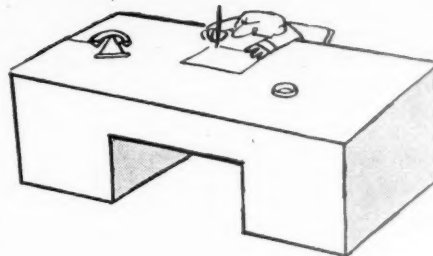
"... omitting the verse about soft refreshing rain."

What is so maddening is that they don't understand the first thing about Bad Taste. They seem to think anyone can aspire to it right away, and they keep mentioning things—like the baby pianos and the sunflowers—which show they don't know what they're talking about. I mean it's nonsense to suggest we make table-runners or decorate tea-cosies with hollyhocks. We're far too busy making gnomes in plaster, cooking Spaghetti Bolognaise and studying Do-It-Yourself manuals. Besides, in the steamy jungles of indoor plants it's too dark for sewing. That pivotal question in the book about what to do if you're short-sighted, have left your spectacles in the car, and cannot make out whether the waiter is offering you fluted blanchmanges or fluted dishes with blanchmanges inside! Apart from the fact we never eat blanchmange (Quipwip for us. It's so *modern*), we mostly have contact lenses and no waiters. And that other crucial question about what to do when you yawn in a guest's face. We never worry about it, just say "I shall have to be toddling along for a spot of shut-eye soon. Mustn't miss my beauty-sleep." We are like that in most social situations. Poised and *aware*. The book just doesn't seem relevant to our milieu, if you get me.

Mind you, I expect the lives of Good Taste People are very difficult and worrying. For example (I quote) "what sort of hair-style is best suited to a week-end in the country with the parents of an Old Etonian boy friend?" One can't help feeling sorry for the woman who thought that up, can sense the horrid undertones of a week-end she once did spend in the country with the wrong sort of hair-style. Now if she went to Maison Edith (I will gladly give her the telephone number) she would have no problem, as Monsieur (Edith's husband—no sloppy Bohemian morals around here, thank you very much) has the perseverance of a genius and only ever attempts the one corrugated effect which was revealed to him some twenty years ago. He is very good at it. And what a conversationalist! He finds conversation no problem. Nor do I, actually. I suppose it's something that's bred in us B.T.P.,* because I personally never have the difficulty of the writers of this book in talking to

people at table. Sometimes we swop complaints—remind me to tell you what that new orange detergent does to my skin—and sometimes we reminisce about the bombing. And our newest game (I am copying the book. They are always calling things games that aren't, and sticking capital letters in the wrong places) is seeing who has got the best cut-price bargains at the grocer's. Sandra, my friend, won this week with some mandarins at eleven-three. Another amusing thing is to see who can get her favourite tune played on "Housewives' Choice" the most times. I am ahead with seventeen renderings of "Bless This House" (this month) to Sandra's fourteen "Then My Living Has Not Been in Vain." Our husbands get a kick out of life too (there are four of us Young Marrieds, all friends together). Len, in his quiet way, is building a Cascade in the back garden (he was awfully impressed with Chatsworth), and Sandra's husband Dennis (or as Sandra always calls him to me, Mr. Burton), who's a bit of a devil, has his bird-watching. So we're happy as we are, you see, and don't want to be converted.

Still, one mustn't be selfish, I suppose, and keep the good things of life to oneself. It could be that if one has found the true art of living one should



pass it on to others and try to bring a little fun and colour into their dull lives. At least that's what Sandra was saying the other night. Maybe, she said, it was our duty to conduct a mission to Chelsea and Kensington. I said I couldn't be bothered, but Sandra said after all it was only fair they should have their chance of a revelation too.

Song of the Chelsea Householders

(Variations on a theme by Louis Macneice)

IT'S no go the *vie-de-Bohème*, it's no go the slummy,
All we want is a Little Man, and we'll blue our hard-earned money.
Our curtains are made of Terylene, our rugs are made of nylon,
Our chairs are very contemporary (brass with a tiger's hide on).

It's no go the ungracious life, it's no go the matey,
All we want is an off-puce door, flanked by a flourishing bay-tree.

We dreamed we got drunk with a failed Madame, rocked round the clock in our
night-dress,
Woke to the coo of drawing-room tea, and the strains of a pi Hi-Fi-ness.
It's no go your slice-of-life, it's no go the folks-y,
La boue is what you're nostalgic for, but your doom is Peter-Jones-y.

It's no go, my slummy love, it's no go, my slattern,
You can break a few of the bloody rules, but you'll never change the pattern.

KATHARINE DOWLING

* Bottom Taste People

DIRECTIVE

(King's Cross Station is to be "scrapped and completely rebuilt." No doubt the finished work will take its tone from the Continental Sun Terrace opened last week on Platform 13 at Euston.)

From: The Chairman, Railway Executive
To: Stationmaster, King's Croissant

MEMBERS of the Executive desire me to convey to you their cordial good wishes for the successful discharge of your duties, which you assume fully with the opening of the Station on Monday next.

2. You will have studied the *Transport (Amendment) (Continentalization of Amenities) Act*, 1967, and thus become conversant with the broader legal aspects. My concern in this *directive* is to emphasize certain of these aspects, and to ensure, by touching on some subordinate matters, that the proud name of the Executive shall lose nothing, and gain much, by (so to say) the initiative of its *syndicat*.

3. GAMING ROOMS

(a) In the Public Room (opp. Platform 9), as you know, the permitted games are three only, roulette, baccarat and trente-et-quarante. I think we must take it that this rules out the passenger who uses the rooms to complete football coupons or enter newspaper competitions. Later a *boule* game may be sanctioned, which may be more to the taste of this type of player. In the meantime, offenders should not be treated too brusquely. A reading from the Act should suffice, together with an invitation to participate in one of the legitimate games. In the event of trouble, the Railway Police have naturally been briefed on their powers under the *Gaming (Amendment) (Passengers Awaiting Trains) Act*.

(b) In the Private Room (or *Salle Privée*, as it will say on the duty porter's hat), the variety of games is wider, and will include craps. Evening dress is obligatory, except in the case of U.S. servicemen commissioned and in uniform.

(c) Passports will not be required, a valid ticket being sufficient as an admitting document, provided it is not:

- (i) A platform ticket,
- (ii) A cheap-day ticket,
- (iii) A dog, bicycle, or similar ticket.

Second-class ticket-holders will be allowed in the Public Room only.

4. SWIMMING

There are three *bains*, all with *plages*, and though bathers will be warned that the Executive can accept no responsibility for trains lost by thoughtless bathers, all three will be within convenient view of the station announcer's box, and a system of coloured trunks and/or caps, representing trains leaving in a quarter-hour, half-hour, hour, etc., will enable the colours to be "called" over the loudspeaker system. Passengers will be expected to adjust their clothes before leaving unless they have reserved sleeping compartments, in which case they may board the *train* direct from the *bain*.

Note.—Loudspeaker warning must be given at all times of electricity failure, as the temperature of the water will drop sharply.

5. RESTAURANTS

(a) The amenities for eating, drinking and (artificial) sun-bathing are regarded by the Executive as the project's *pièce de résistance*, and it is intended that the full resources of the Hotels and Catering Department shall be made available. Manpower remains a problem, however, and in seconding railwaymen from other duties to serve as waiters, chefs, gipsy violinists, etc., care must be taken to interfere with the business of the Railway as little as possible. Train crews, for instance, should if possible remain intact. Voluntary courses have been instituted for those interested in work as *restaurateurs*, and may be taken in *railway time* at the following centres:

- (i) Tea-room, Marylebone
- (ii) Euston Hotel
- (iii) Great Eastern Hotel (Liverpool Street)
- (iv) The Buffet, Victoria (closed)
- (v) North British Station Hotel, Edinburgh
- (vi) The Canteen, 222 Marylebone Road, N.W.1.

Each course will include a grounding in menu French, thus enabling waiters to explain what fare is being offered.

(b) The Station's inventory includes three hundred and eighty coloured, *plage*-type umbrellas in striped plastic, most of which should be allocated to the restaurants. Every effort should be made to keep these free from grease and soot. Particles of grit, etc., can render the daintiest *gâteau* unappetizing.

(c) Tea-bags are to be used *once only*.

Note.—Hotels Executive Reg. 2018 (k) xxiv. (M) may be taken as amended accordingly.

(d) Drivers operating from Platform 7, on which is sited *L'Espresso au Cheapday* (*casses-croûtes* only), should be instructed not to blow off steam when the wind is in the west.

(e) The Executive has undertaken as far as possible to meet the wishes of the Musicians' Union with regard to excessive shunting and whistling in the vicinity of Restaurants where orchestras will play.

6. TONE TO BE MAINTAINED

(a) Commensurate with efficient running of the Railway, which must not be allowed to fall below its traditional high standard, no effort should be spared to maintain the Continental flavour at which the Executive's planners have aimed throughout. It is thought that excesses have been on the whole avoided; female attendants will not, for example, be placed in charge of gentlemen's conveniences, as is the custom on the other side of the Channel; even so, and bearing in mind that passengers from the North and the Midlands will be in preponderance, there is some danger that, in the early stages, an unsympathetic or even ribald attitude may be adopted towards less familiar amenities. Railway Police are *not* empowered to make arrests in such cases as

- (i) Feet placed on tables,
- (ii) Tea-dregs, bottles, etc., placed in fountains,
- (iii) Caps worn during meals.

There may, however, occur breaches



of civil law chargeable as wilful damage or public nuisance, e.g.,

- (iv) Scribbling on or otherwise defacing caryatids or other statuary or ornamentation the property of the Executive,
- (v) Converting menus, wine-lists, etc., into paper boats to float in the bays,

In this event action can and should be taken.

(b) Without prejudice to anything laid down in (a) above, police should be encouraged in reasonable indulgence towards genuine Continental behaviour by genuine Continentals. It is the Executive's hope that French, Italian, and other foreigners will be attracted by the "home-from-home" atmosphere,

and to discourage them from a return visit would be unfortunate. For example, innocent slaps at a passing waitress should not be taken to constitute an offence.

7. AMENITIES, ATTENTION TO BE DRAWN TO

(a) It has happened in the past that the Executive's best efforts have gone for nothing owing to the passenger's ignorance of their existence. (In 1956-7 only three dog's-bed tickets were sold.) This must not be allowed to occur in the present case. All that is possible will be done by the Public Relations Department. The following posters in full colour have already been printed (1,000,000 of each):

- (i) THE CÔTE D'AZUR FOR 9s. 6d. RETURN!
- (ii) GET A BRITISH RAILWAYS TAN!
- (iii) C'EST MERVEILLEUX, BA GOOM!

8. In conclusion, the Executive desire me to convey to you their confidence and high hopes for your success in this vital assignment. For myself I would add only three final reminders:

- (i) There will be no Sunday opening.
- (ii) All amenities to close one hour after sunset, Greenwich Mean Time.
- (iii) Our first annual Battle of Flowers is provisionally scheduled for April 1st, 1979.

September 17, 1978

LIEUT.-GEN. J. B. Boothroyd
CHAIRMAN

Toby Competitions

No. 34—Coming Shortly

IMAGINE that a theatrical gossip-writer, putting his readers in the picture about forthcoming productions, has looked in at a rehearsal of *Othello* under the impression that it is a new play. Write a chatty "preliminary" paragraph for his column, maximum one hundred words.

A prize consisting of a framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up will receive book tokens to the value of one guinea. Entries (any number but each on a separate piece of paper and accompanied by a separate entry token, cut out from the bottom left-hand corner of this page) by first

post on Friday, September 26, to TOBY COMPETITION, No. 34, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 31 (Mystery Drama Sensation)

Invited to write the most sensational imaginary newspaper headline, competitors reacted vigorously. The entry was large. Space rockets, especially those to the moon, were the most prolific source. Some were attracted by the more macabre effects of radiation; comparatively few went for run-of-the-mill sensations such as crime and warfare. Several entrants must be complimented on the care and skill lavished on the achievement of strange typographical effects. The prize goes to

SUCCESS OF SUMMIT TALKS
Complete Agreement on all Points

FRANK CARPENTER
39 CRESCENT ROAD
BRENTWOOD, ESSEX

Runners-up, one of which came from a girl aged thirteen, follow:

DULLES SPEECHLESS
Mrs. Peter Picklington, 4 South Drive, Cheam.

SCIENTIST'S GIRL-WIFE SNATCHED BY FLYING SAUCER
Tories Refuse Protection to Working-class Brides.

Mrs. N. G. Beeny, 28 Streatham Common North, S.W.16

MISSING RUSSIAN SPACE-DOGS LAND IN HYDE PARK

"No Relaxation of Quarantine Regulations," says Home Office.
Stanley Ridge, 7 Christchurch Road, Sidcup, Kent

SOVIET POLITICAL MISFIRE
Mr. Khrushchev in Orbit
(With apologies to *The Times*)
David H. Bryant, King's College Hostel, Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1

RUSSIA FIGHTS BACK
Colour Bar in Moscow Schools
Susan Brightmore, 74 Gower Street, London, W.C.1

TIME-BOMB IN PULPIT
Preacher Cuts Sermon
J. P. Pinel, 67 Horn Park Lane, Lee, London, S.E.12

WE HAVE BOUGHT THE MOON
You can win it in a Simple Competition Starting Next Week.—*Daily Sketch*.
Vincent Firth, Ventnor, Isle of Wight

TRADE UNION MURDERS: KILLER STRIKES AGAIN
F. H. E. Townshend-Rose, 111 Thornbury Road, Osterley, Middlesex

MAN IN THE MOON BITES DOG
Miss C. M. Wilson, 6 River Court, 21 Richmond Hill, Richmond, Surrey

WE ARE ALL DEAD
Million-Megaton Hydrogen Bomb Exploded
World Levels of Radioactivity Exceed Lethal Dosage
Pandarus, Officers' Mess, 16 Battalion, R.A.O.C., Bicester, Oxon

CHESTNUT GROVE



THE NEW ALTRUISM

LABOUR M.P. "MY POOR FRIEND, HERE'S FIVE SHILLINGS FOR YOU."
LIFE-LONG LOAFER. "GAWD BLESS YER, GUV'NOR!"
CITY MERCHANT. "HERE, HANG IT, THAT'S MY MONEY!"
LABOUR M.P. "YES, I KNOW. BUT IT'S MY IDEAL!"

[According to Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the programme of certain Labour Members includes an Old Age Pension scheme based on a graduated super-tax on incomes above £5,000.]

October 9 1907



And Those Behind Cried "Forward!"

By H. F. ELLIS

Q. WHAT do they mean when they say, in Law 14, that a knock-on is not a knock-on when "the movement of the ball in the player's grasp is in the nature of a steadying or readjustment of the ball within his possession without loss of control"? I mean, what do they *mean*?

A. One sees what you are getting at of course. Put like that it hardly sounds like a knock-on at all, does it, even under the old Laws. But what *can* they say? Once you depart from the principle that *any* forward movement of the ball from hand or arm is a knock-on, how are you going to define what a knock-on *is*? You want to exclude a slight fumble in order to cut down all this tiresome whistling during passing movements. But on the other hand, you obviously cannot have a man gaily knocking his pass forward a couple of yards, catching it again and running on; you have to spare a thought for the man who was just going to tackle him. So where is the limit to be set?

Q. Well, where *is* it set?

A. It is set, rather cunningly, half-way the other side of nowhere. Whenever you find the Laws whistling through their teeth in a near-meaningless kind of way, it is a fair bet that they are telling the referee to use his well-known discretion. My guess is that good referees will ask themselves, as a general thing, whether the knock-on was marked enough to put the opposition off, and whistle or not accordingly.

Q. Isn't that going to make things a little tricky for the referee?

A. Of course. What's new about that?

Q. Now in the matter of a fumbled pick-up—

A. If you knock-on when the ball is on the ground it is a knock-on, and that's the end of it. Because the ball was never "in your grasp" or "within your possession." Observe how meaningful is every word of the Laws, even in their most meaningless moments. On the other hand, if you catch the ball full-pitch from a kick you may knock it on six

yards if you like, provided you catch it again before it hits the ground.

Q. And no whistle?

A. No whistle.

Q. Why is that?

A. I'm blown if I know. But the new Law is said to have been well received by full backs.

Q. Thank you. What is all this about hooking?

A. I'm glad you asked that question. The curse of modern Rugby—

Q. Is the wing-forward about to rear his ugly head?

A. Certainly not. This is a serious discussion, not a letter to *The Times*.

Q. One will try to bear the distinction in mind. Will you continue?

A. The curse of modern Rugby is the tendency for the side that is *not* putting the ball into the scrum to lie right up in defence. In the good old days—

Q. Would that be a quotation from *The Times*?

A. Until fairly recently three-quarters lined up straight only in their own twenty-five. Now, because of a well-founded belief that they will not get the ball unless their scrum-half is putting the ball in, they lie right up in any part of the field. It's a matter of the loose head, you see. So, in an attempt to stop this defensive nonsense, the legislators want to minimize the advantage of the loose head. Now then, if the hooker on the side that has not got the loose head can hook with his *nearer* foot—that will be his right foot normally, because of the loose-head-on-the-left convention—

Q. Do you suppose that one reader in ten has the remotest idea what you are talking about?

A. No. But it doesn't matter, because in practice the new Law—

Q. In practice? Do you mean to say that you have seen them doing whatever it is they are allowed to do now?

A. Oh, yes, yes. Most certainly. Yes. Once.

Q. And?



A. My dear chap, I don't mind telling you that Jackson and Phillips were in cracking form. *Cracking*. The fact of the matter is that Jackson has a side-step entirely comparable with Bleddyn Williams's at his best, and with his change of speed—Of course, mind you, the tackling was a bit early-Septemberish, but none the less . . . And there was Higgins again, quite indomitable, and Eric Evans as fresh as a daisy, and old Daddy Kyle and that beautiful runner A. R. Smith, and a fly-half called Reid who looked—

Q. What has all this senile enthusiasm got to do with the rules?

A. It is background music. What I was saying was that the loose-head hooker got the ball every time. The new Law made no difference at all. But of course it is early days yet, and it takes time to learn to hook back-footed, the way your leg won't swivel, if you see what I mean.

Q. What about the other changes?

A. The knock-on business seemed to work very well; and this thing about being allowed to kick in any direction when taking a penalty leads to some pleasing nonsense. It is nice, too, to see the kicker placing the ball for a conversion—it all speeds things up, you see. As for handling the ball after a tackle, provided you are on your feet that really is going to do something. Once every player on the field has learnt how to whip a pass out off the ground, scrum-half fashion, there is going to be a sharp drop in the number of loose scrums. The widening of the scope of the Advantage

Rule, the choice of a throw-in instead of a scrum after a crooked—

Q. Yes, yes. Thank you. You feel, in general then, that the game will be an altogether faster, brighter and less frequently interrupted spectacle this season.

A. Well, of course, people will still complain that the ball is kicked into touch about six times a minute, as indeed it is.

Q. Do you mean you would like to see kicking direct into touch banned in some way?

A. Not if I had to play forty minutes each way myself, I wouldn't.

Q. Then what *would* you like to see?

A. I should like to see some good Welsh centres coming along. Here we are, with a team to tour New Zealand and Australia to pick before the end of the season, and who have we got? Butterfield has broken his collar-bone already and Phillips will presumably still be at Oxford, wasting his time on work. There is Hewitt, from Ireland, but he is very young. Wales has a clear duty. As things are at present, I'd put Jackson and O'Reilly in the centre, whether they liked it or not. But then where's the fly-half? It is all extremely worrying. Now if we could include a few Frenchmen—

Q. Do you think France will win the international championship this season?

A. They ought to. But how can one judge such people? Half-way through last season they were in despair. The crowd at the Stade Colombes shouted "Dismiss the selectors!" putting it, of course, into French, and there were widespread demands that the projected tour in South Africa should be called off. The selectors thereupon injected pretty well the whole back division from Lourdes into the team and prayed for a miracle. It happened. France beat Australia, Wales and Ireland with confident aplomb. All seemed set for South Africa—until it was discovered that half the Lourdes miracle-men were unable to go. Maurice Prat, Tarricq, Labazuy and (of the forwards) that old warrior Domec had to be left behind. This crushing misfortune so unnerved the French that they became the first country to win a "series" in South Africa for sixty-two years. If I hesitate to call them mercurial and unpredictable, it is only because I fear that the terms may have been used before.

Q. I see. Could you say, rather more shortly, whether you would *like* them to win the championship?

A. I should like it well. They have been battering away at the thing for fifty years, off and on, and they deserve it. They throw the ball about. They take risks. "They play," as Dr. Craven, witch-doctor of South African football, recently observed, "with fifteen backs."

Q. Suppose they do become champions after all these years, do you think the Home Unions will mark the occasion in some fitting way?

A. One must not presume to peer into the minds of that little-known body the Committee of the Home Unions, but one may perhaps say that if France became champions, and if the time-factor made it possible, an end-of-season match between France and the British Isles party before their departure for New Zealand would be a happy and not unpopular gesture. The only drawback I can think of is that the French, in their selfish way, would probably want to stage it at Colombes.



"They're welcome to the other side—it's probably thick with dust."



"I'm two up!"

For Art's Sake

By CHES GUDENIAN

RIGHT from the start Oscar and I were agreed that I should have freedom for creative fulfilment. I kept on my job at the Frolic Press for some years but gave it up when Rollo was on the way. Of course it *was* a wrench, but then I do believe a woman is not complete until she has had kiddies.

My first real success was *Hildegarde and the Honey Bear* (Frolic, 7s. 6d.), the first of the Hildegarde books—and I count this as a rather special achievement (an interesting example of the Muse dauntless?), because Baby was teething at the time and I found the noise terribly distracting.

Soon after *Hildegarde and the Hamster* (Frolic, 8s. 6d) came out we left the house and moved to a very nice service

flat. Oscar missed the garden, but I pointed out that the old place had really devoured my time and here there was a really good restaurant on the premises and just round the corner a public library where I could do my naturalistic research (there is nothing Hildegarde's Little Friends do that you can't find them doing in real life, if you know when and where to look).

Her daddy and I always used to call Elveteen our Little Mistake, because (Rollo having proved so *demanding*) we really had decided to stop at a cosy three. (Oscar, of course, is no longer with us; I was a little annoyed when Elveteen told me that on her last quarterly visit to her father she had heard him in conversation with that woman referring to me as his big mistake. Doubtless, *she*

has never heard of little pitchers.) I must admit to having cherished a secret hope that Elveteen would grow into a little girl just like Hildegarde, but alas! this is not the case. She just will not play Silent Mouse when mummy is working, and yet when I suggest a romp all I get is sulks.

If she had anything of Hildegarde's winning ways, her Quiet Moments and her Catch-as-you-can gaiety, I could have got her the name part in the new Hildegarde television series—a wonderful opportunity to express herself; and I do believe a child can't start too early. But apart from anything else, she is fat; so it was hopeless even trying.

Her latest ambition is to be a lady mud wrestler, and she is forever flexing her bicep and thigh muscles. But we are

trying yet another school this autumn, and the headmistress has faith in the counter-attractions of push-ups and storming-board. I can't recall doing these as a schoolgirl myself, but they sound reassuringly less bizarre than mud.

The last time I saw Rollo he said the food was better but the discipline worse. He seems to have something of an obsession for an older boy who is in for slashing a girl who "grassed," whatever that is; no more than the usual school-boy crush, I judge. They let me give him a copy of my latest book *Hildegard and the Hedgehog* (Frolic, 10s. 6d.). He seemed quite pleased, said it was softer than the kind they have there. I suppose most of the books they are allowed are rather heavy and moralistic. (I have always contended that there are subtler ways of instilling a good influence—*Hildegard and the Churchmouse* (Frolic, 10s. 6d), for instance, brought me dozens of letters from grateful clergymen, yet it was essentially a merry book.)

This morning's post brought a postal

order for one-and-six from a member of the Friends of Hildegard's Little Friends Club who requested a two-shilling Hildegard magnifying glass to be sent to him and enclosed a disgusting envelope full of worms—"for Hildegard's hedge-sparrow"—to make up the deficit. Really! I must write to the wretched child's mother and point out—tactfully, of course—that I cannot be exposed to this kind of blackmail.

More cheering was a sheaf of reviews sent by my cuttings agency. Of "Hedgehog" dear Godfrey Peahen has written: "... Devotees of Hildegard (and who among the more receptive smaller fry is not?—not to mention those of us who worship unashamedly from a distance!) will be enchanted by her latest adventure with a highly personable Irish hedgehog called Sean Prickleback. With that delicacy of touch to which the author has gratefully accustomed us the tale—a magical blending of Celtic fantasy and faunological fact—presents us with another entrancing Child-Creature affinity and evokes once more our admiration for Sylvia Singleton's surpassing understanding of human and faunal nature. I am jealous of my Little Friends, but once they have made his acquaintance other members of the happy circle cannot but join with me in extending a delighted welcome to that beguiling tragi-clown, Sean Prickleback the hedgehog."

Dear Godfrey. A gifted critic, and a charming man. It always seems to me that he is quite wasted on Marjorie, who has no understanding of the artistic and inner life and is such a determined *hausfrau* (though what she finds to occupy herself with I can't imagine, for they have no kiddies).

How I pity such women. When I look back on my own life, bruised as it has been by assaults which I was powerless to prevent and which left me stricken and bewildered, I can honestly—and humbly—say that I don't think I have made too bad a job of it. But then I have had that matchless blessing—I have led (and lead, I am glad to say) a creatively full life.

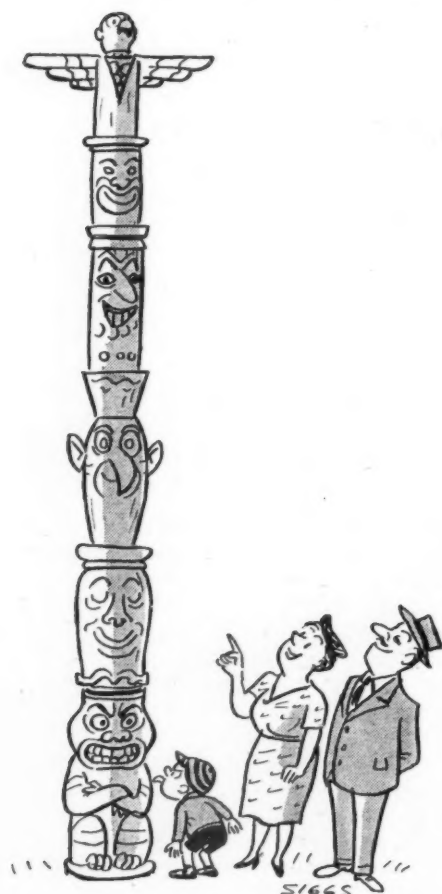
"Sunny Australian smile from Margaret Archer, 18, who won a Miss Teenage of 1958 contest . . . Margaret, who was accompanied by her mother . . ."—*Star*
She's no Miss Teenage of 1958.

Forbidden Fruit

By T. S. WATT

WHEN I decided to catch and reprimand the boys who were stealing our apples it was not because I set any great value on the crop. About a quarter is invariably worm-eaten, a tenth goes into apple pies and apple jelly, and another tenth, with luck, is forced upon our friends. Most of the rest go bad, and I usually put the last mushy dozen on the compost heap about the end of January. No, I was only too glad that they should have the apples, but I felt that they must learn to go about the business in a more regular way, and come to the door and ask for them.

I had no doubts as to my ability to catch the boys. Footmarks in the orchard had established that zero hour was between six and seven in the evening, and by a sudden sortie from the front door I could easily cut off the way of escape. But what would happen then? Some men are well equipped by nature to frighten the lives out of junior felons: others are not. Doctor Grimesby Roylott, for example, with his large yellow face marked with every evil passion, and his deep-set, bile-shot eyes, would undoubtedly burst into an orchard with considerable effect, but whatever emotions my appearance may awaken, terror is certainly not among them. I know little of boys, having none of my own, but I read the newspapers, and it seemed to me that I might well be called upon to deal with some pretty rugged material. I had no great fancy for being chased round my own apple-trees, and I decided that my best course would be to adopt a menacing taciturnity, to twist my features into as savage a mask as I possibly could, and to ask grimly for names and addresses. I forgot, however, that some remark or other would undoubtedly be expected of me at the very outset, and this lack of an opening malediction, which I should of course have had at the tip of my tongue, led to an embarrassing pause when at last I found myself standing in the orchard, face to face with the first offender.



He was a ginger-haired boy of about three feet high, dressed in corduroy shorts and some species of zipped wind-cheater. He appeared to feel as much at a loss as I did, and for some moments we stared at one another in silence. An apple fell with a soft thud into the sandy soil, and we both jumped.

"Good afternoon," I said savagely.

"Sorry," he said.

"I'm afraid I shall have to take your name and address," I snarled.

"Sorry," he said.

He followed me out of the orchard to the house, where I took a piece of paper from my pocket and rested it against the wall. In doing so I caught a glimpse of the figures "£29:3:0," and remembered the bill for repairs to the wings of my car. This helped me to give the boy a really evil glare as I demanded his name.

"J. Carstairs," he said. "Very sorry."

"And the address?" I snapped.

He said something that sounded like "Habberluck Lay, Seafer."

"Spell it," I said.

"I don't know 'ow," he replied, sniggering miserably.

I scribbled down a few words and put the paper away. "I'm not sure what I'm going to do about this," I said. "I'll have to think it over. Now beat it."

"Very sorry, very sorry," he gabbled, as he hurried to the gate.

At first I could not help feeling that I had handled the business rather well, but later it struck me that the uncertainty in which I had left J. Carstairs would be very much harder to bear than the memory of the most Roylottish thunderings. I pictured the boy sitting in class, fearing at every moment to see the door burst open and half Scotland Yard pour into the room to apprehend him. Then I thought that, overcome by panic, he had confessed all to his father, and that the whole family had gathered together to bemoan his conduct. "You will bring down my grey 'airs," shouted the father, "with sorrow to the grave." (J. Carstairs dropped his aitches, so it seemed probable that his father would also.) I pictured the boy packing his few possessions and leaving his home for ever in the dead of night. What might he not do in his desperation?

"I have gone too far," I said to myself. "If I catch another boy I shall simply ask quite pleasantly for his name and address, and say that I don't suppose anything will come of it."



"I'll say this much for the Mao régime—it's given us a great deal more to be philosophical about."

A few days later I noticed a small boy standing at the front gate, looking warily about him, now at the house, and now up and down the road. "He is keeping watch for a friend," I said to myself, and rushed into the orchard. Away at the

far end, a pair of hands appeared from behind a clump of Michaelmas daisies and gave an apple-tree a hearty shake. "Would you mind giving me your name and address?" I called cheerily.

I had it already, as it turned out.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

(Letters addressed to the Editor, unless specifically marked otherwise, may be considered for publication.)

WESTERN APPROACHES

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—Would not the title of Professor P. M. S. Blackett's article in the series have been better as "Non-Faith," rather than "Faith," since you have invited an unbeliever to write on the subject? I hope perhaps you will give the other side a hearing with an article on the same subject by a Christian believer who is not blinded by Arnold Toynbee's false brilliance.

Yours faithfully,
B. RITCHIE

Icomb, Glos.

[Critics of Prof. Blackett's article are reminded that the first article in the Western Approaches series, by Prof. C. S. Lewis, was written from the viewpoint of the orthodox Christian—Editor]

STILETTO HEELS

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—Why did you let Carole Paine be rude about stiletto heels? A girl has got to have something to defend herself with nowadays, hasn't she? If a chap behaves in a way you don't like all you have to do is to whip off your shoe and

jab him in the short rib with your stiletto heel. Of course this may lead to bother with a corpse lying about, but there, you can't have everything.

Yours faithfully,
UNITY KIRKE
Aldringham, Suffolk.

SAM WELLER

To the Editor of Punch

SIR,—Mr. R. G. G. Price suggested in his Booking Office article that because of Tony Weller's highly respectable post his dutiful son probably had no personal experience of poverty. But what about Sam's early days when he was "first pitched neck and crop into the world, to play at leapfrog with its troubles"? In Chapter 16 of *The Pickwick Papers* he tells how, after leaving his job as carrier's boy and before taking service with a wagoner, he spent a fortnight in "unfurnished lodgings" generally patronized by "worn-out, starving, houseless creatures"—the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge.

Yours truly,
E. L. HAWKE
Tring, Herts.

CRITICISM



BOOKING OFFICE

Land of King Minos

The Decipherment of Linear B. John Chadwick. Cambridge, 18/6

From Mycenæ to Homer. T. B. L. Webster. Methuen, 30/-

THERE seems no end to the adventure-story quality of archaeology in Crete. First of all Sir Arthur Evans goes there half a century ago or more, not specifically to trace the legend of the Minotaur but somehow drawn into this quest, and almost immediately digs up Knossos. We are at a blow of the spade taken back to 5000 B.C. into a world of bull-jumping as a sport, advanced plumbing, and ladies who look as if they might have been painted by Modigliani. Over this rediscovered kingdom Evans ruled in his day, splendidly, but himself something of a Minos.

The civilization of Crete, so different from much of the later developments in Greece, links up with Mycenæ on the mainland. In both places certain clay tablets were found upon which the inscriptions had been preserved by being baked in some great outbreak of fire. The writing on these tablets was named by archaeologists "Linear B," and it was clear from their nature that they were lists of some kind; a census or inventory. Beyond that nothing was known. Evans was determined that whatever language the characters represented, that language was not Greek.

Mr. John Chadwick's book, written with admirable liveliness and clarity, is partly the story of how he helped Michael Ventris to unravel this script; partly a memoir of Ventris himself, a figure of extraordinary brilliance, killed in a motor accident in 1956 at the age of thirty-four.

Mr. Chadwick, himself an authority on the science of language, gives a remarkably concise account of the

various forms of writing that exist, and how to set about deciphering them. It is rather like Edgar Allan Poe's story, *The Gold Bug*, at a much more complicated level.

Ventris, who at the age of seven had been buying German books on Greek hieroglyphs, heard a lecture when he was fourteen by Sir Arthur Evans, and then and there decided that he would take up the challenge of Cretan writing. With other gifts he possessed a peculiar ability to learn languages. This he put to good effect.

This book describes how Ventris and Chadwick between them cracked the cipher. They discovered the language of the tablets was Greek, thereby taking Greek history, as such, back some seven

hundred years. The implications of this were of course immense. In a sense the extraordinary flowering in Greece during the fifth century B.C. is given background, even made more explicable, by this new knowledge.

Professor T. B. L. Webster's more technical work deals in a detailed manner with some of the effects of this new evidence in relation to the study of early Greek literature and art: especially the traces of Mycenæan civilization that survive in Homer. He dates the sacking of Troy at about 1230 B.C., and shows how Homer looks back to Mycenæ and forward to Athens.

Troy fell about two centuries later than the destruction of the palaces of Crete, overwhelmed and burnt by their enemies, after a period of tremendous prosperity. It is possible that the tablets now deciphered record the vital statistics required for immediate defence against the powers that eventually brought downfall to Cretan civilization. "It is fascinating to learn from the tablets what were the names given to a few yoke of oxen: Dapple, Darkie, Whitefoot, Winey, Blondie and Bawler are rough equivalents." There are also sentences such as "At Pylos: slaves of the priestess on account of sacred gold: fourteen women," as to the meaning of which we have at present no clue.

We still do not know what these people—named for convenience Mycenæans—called themselves. *Hellenes* does not appear until after Homer: *Greeks* is only taken from the Roman name for the peoples of Greece. They lived, so it appears, feudally, a courtly, theocratic, sophisticated society.

It is not at all necessary to be deeply read in the history of Greece, or even to have any previous knowledge of the excavations in Crete, to enjoy the story of Linear B. If you are interested in these things already the book is even more enjoyable.

ANTHONY POWELL

NOVEL FACES



XXXIV—JOCELYN BROOKE

*He views the world through childhood's ruthless eye:
Orchids and armies, fireworks in the sky.*

SOME POETS

Poetry for Supper. R. S. Thomas. *Rupert Hart-Davis*, 9/6. The lucid, acid, man-disliking verse of "Song at the Year's Turning" has become softer and less exciting, but it's still truer to the Welsh than the work of many other Thomases, and still sure, spare and good, even where success seems to have surprised Mr. Thomas into writing about it. Some good jokes too:

"... the ladies from the council houses:
Blue eyes and Birmingham yellow
Hair, and the ritual murder of vowels."

One Landscape Still. Patrick MacDonogh. *Secker and Warburg*, 12/6. Irish, and at home with several aspects of that tradition, Gogarty, Padraic Colum, and dreadful poems like bad water-colours. Yeats's sinewy rhetoric comes out particularly well, as in "The Bone-Bright Tree." There are some other excellent poems written in a quieter voice which may be the poet's own.

A Beginning. Dom Moraes. *Parton Press*, 8/6. Pleasant poems with a curious satiny surface, not "difficult" but full of interest. Apparently the author is rather young, but he's not often at all unsure, though he makes an effective use of his social awkwardness and shyness. A good bet for the future.

The Buttercup Children. Phoebe Hesketh. *Rupert Hart-Davis*, 12/6. Not as wishy-washy as the title suggests, but still rather indescribable hit-or-miss poems about ordinary life. The misses are thin and dull but still very like the hits, which manage to communicate the reason for their being written with a direct impact that is rare nowadays.

I Marry You. John Ciardi. *Mark Paterson for Rutgers University Press*, 22/- American. "The Angel in the Apartment," as it were, but a lot more clotted than anything Patmore wrote. The shorter poems in particular are often so crammed with words as to sound silly:

"... I laid my last tears in your breast
Like worms' eyes from the long sods of
my death."

A poet, or husband, who talks like that needs watching. The longer poems, particularly "In the Rich Farmer's Field," fit their form better and gather considerable momentum. Far from cheap at the price. P. D.

The Intruder. Adriaan van der Veen. *Abelard-Schuman*, 12/-

For those who like something a little out of the ordinary this novel is recommended (excellently translated from the Dutch by James S. Holmes and Hans van Marle) which describes the love affair in America during the war of a young Dutchman, unfit for military service, and a Dutch girl of Jewish origin whose family has fled to the United States from German-occupied Holland. Mr. Adriaan van der Veen is one of the best known of the younger novelists and critics of the Netherlands and he has

treated the theme of anti-semitism, which might easily have become banal and propagandist, with remarkable delicacy and conviction. Although the story is told in the most straightforward narrative, it is perhaps possible to recognize the influence of Henry James in the manner in which climax after climax is brought about, while no apparent action is taking place. The background, the residential suburbs of New York, is excellently suggested, and also that strange, unsurmountable contrast between the European and American points of view. Mr. Van der Veen is a writer whose name should be known in this country. A. P.

More Light on the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Millar Burrows. *Secker*, 35/-
The Excavations at Qumran. J. Van der Ploeg, O.P. *Longmans*, 16/6
The Ancient Library of Qumran. Frank Moore Cross, Jun. *Duckworth*, 21/-

Three years ago Dr. Burrows came out with the calmest guide for the layman's approach to the Dead Sea Scrolls—objective, dispassionate, scholarly. His new book displays the same qualities, which are more than ever needed as the undergrowth becomes more tangled. As before he gives translations of recent discoveries. He finds the supposed parallels between the life of Jesus and the career of the Teacher of Righteousness insignificant; and he deals firmly with baseless conjectures to the contrary.

Professor Van der Ploeg's book gives a racy account of the finding and subsequent history of the scrolls. It reconstructs most convincingly the life of the Judean brotherhood of Qumran and their religious thought. He writes avowedly as a Christian scholar.

Mr. Cross, a young American scholar who has deservedly acquired a high reputation as an authority on the scrolls, is also concerned with the archaeology of Qumran and particularly with its documents. Originally written as university lectures, the book is now well furnished with footnotes, which need not bother the ordinary reader. It appears that St. John's Gospel, so far from being, as we have been taught, the most Hellenistic is in some ways the most Jewish. Mr. Cross has no doubts about the uniqueness of the Christian faith.

All three books are uncommonly well indexed. C. B. M.



"What beats me is how any girl could prefer them to us."

makes hay of history, but dramatic hay. Seen by a German romantic, Mary's over-heated past is soft-pedalled in preparation for a martyr's crown, while Elizabeth, though allowed a heart, comes out fairly enough as a tough administrator using her femininity to the keenest advantage. One's money remains firmly on her, but the distortions pay handsome theatrical dividends.

Translated by Stephen Spender and adapted by the producer, Peter Wood, the play covers excitingly the last two months of Mary's imprisonment and the events which led her to the block. Burleigh is for a quick end to the menace of rebellion, Leicester, embarrassed as her ex-lover, for waiting; between them stands an anxious Elizabeth. Mary decides her own future when Elizabeth drops in, as if by accident, at Fotheringay, and after repulsing her cousin's pleadings has her own bastardy rammed down her throat. The clash between the two queens, a cat-fight on the imperial level, is superbly done. Mary's moving confession and her execution are followed by Elizabeth's discovery that the final evidence of sedition had been forged. This might have been an anti-climax, but Catherine Lacey's brilliant portrayal of Elizabeth's bitter loneliness holds us to the end.

The play opens slowly, with a Teutonic history lesson, but quickly gathers momentum. Both Mr. Spender and Mr. Wood are to be congratulated. The language is good, uncluttered by period cotton-wool, and the production flows smoothly, beautifully dressed by Leslie Hurry. As a study of the human strain of Tudor politics *Mary Stuart* is unusually satisfactory, and its fascinating examination of character finds expression in a very able cast. Irene Worth and

AT THE PLAY**Edinburgh Festival**

Mary Stuart
(ASSEMBLY HALL)
Long Day's Journey into Night
(ROYAL LYCEUM)
Portraits of Women
(ROYAL LYCEUM)
The Bonefire (ROYAL LYCEUM)

SCHILLER's *Mary Stuart* is an addition to the Old Vic's repertory that conquers even the anatomical agonies of the Assembly Hall. It

Catherine Lacey are splendidly opposed. Only occasionally Miss Worth slightly weakens an otherwise fine performance by over-emphasis. Miss Lacey's portrait of a clever woman worn out with playing a man is magnificent. To limit praise of the second rank to Ernest Thesiger, John Phillips, Kenneth Mackintosh and Derek Francis is obviously unfair, but they will all be at the Old Vic on September 17, when the production should be improved by a normal stage.

The five hours of Eugene O'Neill's autobiographical *Long Day's Journey into Night* have mercifully been cut to three, with great improvement. In a sense it is an unsatisfactory play that goes round and round itself without moving forward, but that is exactly the pattern of life of the haunted family it describes, and at any rate for two of the three acts its repetitions build up an extraordinary nervous tension. The third act could still be cut.

Bound together by an emotional jumble of love and hate, bitterness and remorse, the Tyrone family each other's nerves only to be overcome by compassion. The father is a miser who could have been a good actor, but made a fortune out of a bargain play that left him a matinee idol. The quack doctor he hired for the birth of his younger son turned his wife into a drug addict; the boy, a consumptive poet, is also being treated on the cheap, while the elder

brother has become a bum on the bottle. In a dim and dreary holiday house, whose only link with the outside is the booming of a foghorn, their discovery that the adored mother is back on morphine and slowly sliding away from them into the dream-world of her youth drives the men frenziedly to whisky.

Layer after layer of their feelings is painfully uncovered. Savage recrimination alternates with boozy tenderness. The elder son drags from himself with agony the confession that the sickness of his mother and brother eases his sense of failure; the younger's attack on his father's meanness as the source of all their misery brings a broken account of a starving childhood in Ireland. Through all this the mother flits, her pathetic pretences falling away until she is almost in another world.

It is a terrible, searing play, with the ring of complete truth; O'Neill was the younger son, and it fully explains his jaundiced view of humanity. The company, which will be seen at the Globe on September 24, could scarcely be better. Very delicately Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies takes Mrs. Tyrone through the stages of her shamed withdrawal. Physically Anthony Quayle suggests a lawyer rather than a ham actor, but his dour Tyrone is powerful. There is a grand performance by Alan Bates as the boy, and Ian Bannen vividly interprets the mixed-up emotions of the elder brother.



[Mary Stuart

Mary Stuart—Irene Worth



[Long Day's Journey into Night

Edmund Tyrone—ALAN BATES; James Tyrone—IAN BANNEN

Mary Cavan Tyrone—GWEN FRANGCON-DAVIES; James Tyrone, Sr.—ANTHONY QUAYLE

After a solitary case of snoring, that was surely only gastronomic, had been tactfully cured, we settled down to enjoy Peggy Ashcroft's reading of English verse, alternating with Osian Ellis nimbly wooing a harp and singing to it. This single matinee performance, certainly one of the high-lights of the whole Festival, was so delightfully informal that Dame Peggy's spectacles were waiting on the table beside her; it was as if, after dinner in a friend's drawing-room, we had persuaded her to entertain us. Her selection ranged from Chaucer to Dylan Thomas. Women were the theme, and love was mainly the subject. I think *The Wyf of Bath's* Prologue may have shaken the Edinburgh matrons a little. My favourite was Hardy's *A Trampwoman's Tragedy*, and close behind it Lawrence's *The Collier's Wife*. Dame Peggy reads beautifully and very naturally, every word clear and every meaning made exact by perfect timing and inflection.

PUNCH IN THE THEATRE

An exhibition of theatrical drawings and caricatures from *Punch* over the last one hundred and seventeen years is now at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre, the Theatre Royal, York, and the Gateway, Edinburgh. In London an exhibition of *Punch* theatre drawings is at the Saville Theatre.

It is hard to understand why the Ulster Group Theatre should have chosen for export a play showing the Six Counties at their very worst. The moronic savagery (as an Ulster Protestant I can call it that) of the anti-papal orgies with which the Battle of the Boyne is celebrated north of the border makes very poor propaganda; it also makes a poor play. Presumably Tyrone Guthrie agreed to produce *The Bonfire*, by Gerard McLarnon, for the technical challenge of its mob hysteria, which certainly he meets with alarming skill; it was surely not for its story of a silly girl whose romantic dithering leads two men to destruction, one of them a Roman Catholic, to an absurd suicide in an Orange Lodge bonfire. "We're all Christians here," mutters a village witch grudgingly, and much too late. This company was not at its best, though J. G. Devlin was incisive as ever and Catherine Gibson and Elizabeth Begley found a few minutes of real tragedy after the boy's death. ERIC KEOWN

AT THE BALLET

International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas (COLISEUM)

THE presence in the Marquis de Cuevas's brilliant company of the sexagenarian Leonide Massine as a guest star, and the appearance on the stage of Serge Lifar to take a curtain-call after the ovation which greeted his *Noir et Blanc*, made the evening a sentimental as well as an artistic occasion for the elderly balletomanes well represented in the audience.

Lifar's ballet to music of Edouard Lalo offers an enchanting stage spectacle when the curtain rises to disclose the whole company motionless and elegantly *soignée* in black-and-white. Thereafter, as the tableau dissolves, the leading dancers present their credentials in a series of divertissements. Theatrically conceived, this show-piece demands, as indeed it receives, unfaltering precision and accomplishment.

Most of the company are newcomers to London. Specially remarkable is Serge Golovine, a young dancer of engaging personality and dazzling technique whose superb command of graceful and seemingly gravity-defying motion was the most exciting of the many highlights in the programme. With Rosella Hightower and Nina Vyroubova, he shone with true star-lustre in Balanchine's *Les Trois Classiques* to music from Minkus's hundred-year-old ballet *Paquita*.

Night Shadow is well established in the de Cuevas repertory. It is one of Balanchine's rare essays in romantic drama and deserved to be danced with greater intensity than it was given at the Coliseum. Mr. Golovine gave a faultless performance as the uninvited poet who joins the gaiety of the Baron's ball and



David-KENNETH MORE

[Next to No Time

falls under the spell of his sleep-walking hostess, danced by Miss Vyroubova with curiously little suggestion of underlying emotion.

It is more than twenty years since Massine first danced in his own *Gaité Parisienne*. The Peruvian adventurer with the confidently seductive ways and rolling eyes, whose exuberance breaks in upon a café party, remains, after his Miller in *Le Tricorne*, Massine's most characteristic and memorable creation. Though he has naturally lost something of speed and agility, his bubbling personality still dominates, even when he is in the background and other dancers are claiming one's eye. The costumes of this ballet, said to be "from Winterhalter," heighten the sense of atmosphere in the Café Tortoni in Paris except that those of the can-can dancers who carry the whole affair to its exhilarating climax have shed all suggestion of authenticity. That, however, did not obscure Solange Golovina's skill and speed as the leader of the revels.

C. B. MORTLOCK

AT THE PICTURES

Next to No Time
The Face of the Cat
God's Little Acre

IT is irritating enough to find oneself watching a film which has been blatantly constructed to fit a formula—a very old formula—by a man who has previously produced something really original; it's almost worse to find oneself enjoying it. *Next to No Time* was written and directed by Henry (Genevieve)

'Cornelius and one can easily imagine it shaping itself in his mind . . . ineffectual little man making an ass of himself in plush surroundings . . . what's the plushest available? . . . the *Queen Elizabeth* . . . what'd he be doing there? . . . well he might be a boffin trying to raise the wind to finance something scientific . . . say turning his factory over to automation . . . give us a chance for some fancy machinery . . . always good for laughs . . . and he must have masterful spells . . . that's good for laughs too . . . look at *Walter Mitty* . . . and so on. (To be fair, all this may have shaped itself in Paul Gallico's mind; the film's based on one of his stories. But that doesn't make it any less of a formula.)

On the other hand there's no denying that a lot of really funny films have been based on almost exactly the same formula. *Next to No Time* isn't in that class, but it's good for plenty of laughs and never lies heavy on the mind. Kenneth More, as the boffin, has an astonishingly tactful touch with the set pieces which occur when he suddenly switches from introvert to extrovert, managing to suggest, as he performs a solo dance for the benefit of the first-class passengers, that he's still only an amateur and not an entertainer who has been allowed a five-minute spot. He almost succeeds in concealing some horribly contrived effects—the dive through the drum at the end of the dance, for instance. There are several other traditional English jokes, including three separate variations on the wrong-clothes theme, and the recurring dreadfulness of a photograph which keeps changing its expression. But (that photograph apart) they are still good for a laugh; and there

are plenty of other incidents which do not produce in one the sensation of having been there before. I particularly liked Roland Culver's doctor-haunted tycoon with a reptilian hangover.

The Face of the Cat (Director: Henri Decoin) is also a formula film, or rather a hotch-potch of formulae. It concerns the betrayal of a section of the French Resistance because of the love of one of its members for a German officer (she thinks he's Swiss), and zig-zags between *Rififi* and *Oppenheim*. On the whole it's more satisfactory at the latter level, because then one can ignore the inconsistencies and enjoy the exciting bits. Taking it at the realistic level one is constantly saying "But hey! If . . ." (If, for instance, the rather impressive leader of the Resistance gang (Bernard Blier) is as far-seeing and efficient as he is elsewhere made out to be, why did he leave it till after his gang had been ambushed to make an easy and decisive check on the German, of whom he was suspicious anyway?) Bernard Wiki can make nothing of the motivation of the German, but Françoise Arnoul, to my mind the prettiest actress alive, manages to hold together into one character some fairly unlikely behaviour. But, as I say, it's a fairly exciting film and once or twice succeeds in creating a real feeling of the suspicious, half-sordid, half-heroic, hand-to-mouth life that people in the Resistance must have lived.

God's Little Acre (Director: Anthony Mann) is whimsical, mildly pornographic, and painfully long and slow. (It lasts under two hours, but it *feels* painfully long.) It deals with a family of amoral morons in Georgia. Every now and then they dispose themselves in such a way as to admit of attractive black-and-white photography, but otherwise I did not find it possible to think of them as human beings, and therefore was unable to take more than an academic interest in their emotions and fates, and even academic interest was hard to sustain. Once the film jerked madly alive, when an innocent albino, kidnapped by the family because of a superstition that albinos can divine gold, is hallooed along like a hound as he follows the fierce quirks of his divining rod. The ending is patently false not only, I understand, to the book but to the tenor of the film and the fecklessness of its creatures. The book matters a little for once, partly because, even without having read it, one is aware of uncomfortable gaps in the film, and partly because every now and then the characters start to talk like people in a book, and very curious it sounds.

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Releases include *Imitation General* (3/9/58), a haphazardly funny war film, and *The High Cost of Loving* (16/7/58),

which despite its title is a really agreeable domestic comedy. The Academy Cinema is extending its "Olivier-in-Shakespeare" season. Otherwise things are rather flat.

PETER DICKINSON

ON THE AIR

Ad-men in Wonderland

I AM not one of those who enjoy watching the commercials—although as a matter of fact I don't find the watching nearly so tiresome as the listening, for many of the ads—particularly those involving the use of cartoons—are visually attractive: witty, playful, ingenious, tastefully executed, photographed with the greatest care, sometimes very beautiful. But the listening—the obscene vowel sounds, the coily lisping men caressing copy-writers' adjectives, the cloying baritone voices like sweet warm drinking-chocolate made too thick, the sub-human jingles like the gibbering of national anthems by midget troglodytes, the terribly gay quartets—the listening, by and large, I regard as an extra, crippling charge on top of the cost of the licence. (Very well, the BBC licence.)

It is not easy to escape all these commercials, for they are cunningly placed: they do their job very well. There is another kind of TV advertising, however, which can be avoided entirely. I refer to the Advertising magazines put out by Associated-Rediffusion. These are listed boldly in the *TV Times*, and for this reason I suspect that a good many people have been able to regulate their lives up to now without seeing a single one. I

think this is a pity. These films are worth seeing. They have a sort of tonic idiocy which must be unique in the field of entertainment. They also have a gruesome fascination: they are usually made in the form of a story, and the interest lies in trying to guess how many wildly differing products can be plugged without bringing the plot to a standstill.

"I do hope Ernest's broken leg isn't smarting too much."

"I think I hear the doctor coming now. Why, what a heavenly egg-whisk! It's new!"

"Yes, I got it at the stores. It's absolutely stainless, and with this larger size you can make a cheese soufflé. Will you marry me?"

"But what about Harold?"

"Oh, bother Harold. He's in the potting-shed, showing Mavis the new ready-mixed all-purpose non-drip vitaminized hen-food in the bright, two-colour carton."

"I say! Really? What a boon that must be!"

"Ah, good morning, doctor. Ernest has broken his leg."

That, of course, is gross exaggeration, but it should serve to give you some idea of the fun you're missing if you never switch on these magazines. The job of the actors must be difficult, and I must say they usually manage to plough through ten minutes of this kind of stuff without a suspicion of a giggle or a sign of tongue in cheek. Their bright exclamations of wonder as they catch sight of each new product, their expressions of intelligent interest as the various selling-points go home, are skilfully simulated. It must be a great strain, and I can imagine the whole cast falling about with hysterical laughter the moment the cameras stop rolling.

The two chief magazines are "The Marsh Family," which is in the Mrs. Dale tradition, and "Jim's Inn," which is set in a pub. Singularly little business seems to be done in this pub, for the customers are constantly dumping shiny new gadgets, hardware, groceries, or assorted confectionery on the bar and singing their praises. This is easily the best of the magazines, however. The acting is relaxed and natural—very often of a higher standard than some of the acting to be seen in the straight TV plays. Jimmie Hanley in particular is utterly convincing. There is a happy atmosphere about the show, and the script often reaches a high level of comedy writing.

This is effective advertising. Whether it brings better or worse results than the hit-you-in-the-eye-and-deafen-you methods used in the commercial spots I have no way of telling; but I myself am always more impressed by the comparatively quiet approach of the magazines, involving no more than straightforward demonstration of the product, than by the frequently preposterous claims made in the commercials.

HENRY TURTON





Empire Builders

THE Commonwealth this week gets down to discussing sordid questions of money and commerce. The meeting of Ministers and high officials at Montreal was sparked off by Canada's Diefenbaker after his first electoral victory—a victory won in some measure on an anti-American ticket, of which the reverse side was pro-Commonwealth. "If only," argued Mr. Diefenbaker, "we could divert to the United Kingdom about 15 per cent of the purchases we now make in the United States, our balance of payments with our southern neighbour would be much nearer balance." A little simple arithmetic was all that was needed to show that such a diversion would just about double British exports to Canada.

Some of the British Ministers were tactless enough to take the Canadian Prime Minister too precisely at his word and suggested a free trade area between the U.K. and Canada as the best way of securing the hoped-for expansion of trade. There was an immediate howl of dismay from Canadian secondary industries and that was the last heard of this particular project. None the less some work has been done to follow up the idea of expanding Anglo-Canadian trade and two trade missions, one Canadian the other British, have crossed the Atlantic.

Now the discussions shift to Montreal where, as far as can be seen, filthy lucre is likely to take precedence over trade problems. In Montreal we are likely to hear much more about financial aid than about schemes to expand Commonwealth trade. This is the century of the under-developed. Every country, however well fitted to grow cocoa or tea, cotton or copra, deems it the part of the trappings of nationhood, independence and greatness, to have steel mills, aluminium plants, factories for turning out machine tools—and the like. This industrial development, according to the new gospel, is something which the older industrial countries owe to the new. "Give us the money or we will get it at

the hammer-and-sickle bank next door"—that is part of the argument which is being heard from the Middle and Far East to-day, and there was a touch of it in the manner in which India recently bullied the free world into bailing it out of its immediate difficulties. Montreal is likely to be dominated by this cry for more and still more capital, and proposals will no doubt be made to set up yet more banks and funds to serve this purpose of adding still more to the world's capacity to manufacture goods already in over-supply.

Beneath the "globalony" of these proposals a great deal of good and constructive work is being done by private enterprise to help Commonwealth development. Here are two examples: Barclays Bank D.C. & O., under the chairmanship of Mr. Julian Crossley, has done more than any other institution to expand trade and encourage healthy and sound development in many parts of the Commonwealth. Not only does it provide finance for commercial transactions and set up branches that inculcate the banking habit where no

banks have been seen before but through its Overseas Development Corporation it has helped to mobilize longer term capital for really worthwhile projects.

The other example is the Bank of London and South America which, under the chairmanship of Sir George Bolton, has recently gone into partnership with the Bank of Montreal to launch a new bank which will be active in the Caribbean area. There it will help trade and industry and so create the prosperity which may in due course hold back the tide of emigrants seeking employment and reasonable standards of living elsewhere.

And to come down from this visionary generality to the investment particular, there seems very little wrong with the shares of Barclays D.C.O., which are 32s. and give a 4.9 per cent yield, or with those of BOLSA which at 31s. give a yield of over 5½ per cent, with the added attraction of a coming issue of new shares on favourable terms.

LOMBARD LANE

* *



The Bar is Closed

ONE of the highlights of summer is the fragrance of lime flowers that drifts across the lawn during the long evenings. There is always a beauty about lime avenues but when every twig is hung with pale straw-yellow sweetly scented flowers my enjoyment of them becomes complete. The drone of the bees rises and falls in a ceaseless murmur as they gather the nectar which makes the basis of lime flower honey.

But as usually happens there is, of course, a bad aspect of lime trees as well. Woe betide the visitor who leaves his car in their cool shade. Tiny droplets of honey will cover it in the space of a few hours. As these harden they become difficult to remove and there is a curious acid effect which my garage man assures me is the reason for the tiny pit marks in the otherwise gleaming black paint of the car. The gardener also has grounds for complaint.

Underplanting of lime trees is difficult as the honey disfigures the leaves and is harmful to many plants. The stomata in the leaves are clogged and rains of sufficient strength seldom penetrate the dense foliage canopy above. Obviously there is no point in planting the choicest shade-lover in such an unpromising site.

But to return to the credit side. Many of us are lovers of herbal teas, so popular in France and Portugal. There are tisanes of mint, camomile, rosemary, verbenas, and, most popular of all, lime flowers, known to initiates as tilleul. This delicious, comforting tea is brewed from the dried flowers of limes. It is great fun to gather the little clusters of scented flowers as they reach perfection, most of them open but a few still in bud so that all the perfumed honey is still captive. The flowers are carefully dried and stored in a tight container awaiting winter use. But why wait for winter?

Various properties are attributed to tilleul. Some people find it a mild digestive, some say that it is a very light soporific while others value it as a delicious, soothing drink. A friend of mine who has a great fondness for tilleul asked the waiter in a rather smart country hotel to bring some as she was leaving after a late dinner. "Sorry, madam, the bar is closed," was his polite reply. Now this has opened up new vistas. Why not a delectable liqueur of lime flowers?

LANNING ROPER

FOR
WOMEN

Silhouette for Autumn

THE high waist is here. Various called the Empire line, the Directoire, the Juliette Récamier, the Jane Austen, the Josephine—even the Kate Greenaway, bless our little hearts—it has established itself as the line for the coming autumn. It has appeared in the couture collections of London, Rome and Paris. Touching us more closely, it is incorporated in the collections of the London ready-to-wear houses. It is from the clothes in these wholesale collections, now being shown to retail buyers from all over the country, that most of us will be choosing our winter wardrobes.

The neo-Empire line is very different in effect from the high-waisted fashions of the First Empire, when a distraught romanticism was the vogue in certain circles. There was, at that time, a way of pinning on a rose, of arranging a fichu, which itself suggested that the heart beneath was blighted. To-day there is a way of placing a bow, of tying a draw-string around the fifth rib, which suggests that what beats beneath is doing nicely, thank you . . . no breakages at all. Many a masculine heart may have fallen to pieces in her hands, but to the modern girl all man-made tears are drip-dry.

This temperamental difference can be explained by the fact that the 1958 high waist is not a revival from the past but has directly evolved from the chemises of this summer. The trapeze is dead, but long live the chemise. This is as it should be, for the summer chemise was the prettiest, most impudent, provocative fashion that we have seen for many a day. Admittedly we found that in the wearing it proved unpractical and capricious; but is not that the

usual discovery of those who fall for the pretty, impudent, and provocative? Hanging directly from under the bosom it had to be very short and tapered-in to the hem if it was not to look like a night-dress. This made it difficult to walk fast in, almost impossible to sit down in—deck-chairs were out of the question. Getting out of a car one exposed an illegal length of leg.

The chemises of autumn, in tweeds, soft woollens, and jersey fabrics, are still very short; but they do not have to taper at the hem because they are closely fitted over the diaphragm. Thus they are easier to wear while yet retaining the brief simplicity that is the essential chic of the chemise. Young maidens and minxes will of course be its chief beneficiaries. To their elders this close-fitting over the diaphragm, the very place where middle-age begins to spread, is unkind—whether achieved by swathing, belting, or draw-stringing.

Fashion, however, is not altogether cruel, and has compromises on offer. For example, there is the half-belt. This buckles high in front and disappears through the side seams to go underneath a full bloused back. It gives the illusion of a small high waist. The half-belt is incorporated in tweed and woollen dresses, and into top-coats, giving these the look of a cape at the back. In the *Spectator Sports* collection it is admirably deployed in a red tweed suit with pouchy back and uplift front; a very modish yet easy suit to wear. Again, the high-waisted effect is often given by a very short jacket, just covering the ribs, worn over a straight dress beneath; or by a built-in, back-buttoning *visite*, also rib-length. In

suits the skirt is frequently built up at the waist and worn with a little camisole blouse frothing over at the bosom.

Even the high-waisted look itself is not compulsory, if there are other signatures of autumn 1958. A draw-string, wherever it is placed, is a distinguishing mark. It appears here, there, and everywhere in nearly all collections—it even appears at the natural waist in easy, casual day dresses, notably those in the new washable *Courtelle* jersey. This most practical, warm fabric is much used in *Dorville's* charming collection, which also includes a dress and short double-breasted jacket of "donkey curly wool" which epitomizes the neo-Empire look.

Similar wider-than-long jackets, worn over sleeveless round-necked dresses, appear often in Dior's London ready-to-wear collection; and here, also, there are very broad belts completely encasing the ribs. Top-coats are heavily top-weighted, with high collars or face-swathing stoles; at the back, round wide shoulders and bat's-wing sleeves give a cape effect. Such bulky, rich-girl coats seem to shout for a Jaguar, or at least a taxi, their very looseness, paradoxically, restricting get-about-ability. Less helpless opulence is seen in this autumn's *Rodex* coats, in beautiful Scottish tweeds, which yet have the desirable all-enveloping look. Their collars, although large, are built away from the neckline and are comfortable with a hat. Sometimes they have double collars and cuffs, but hand-stitched in single thickness of fabric so that they do not bulk. Sleeves, although voguishly voluminous, have an inner storm-cuff to keep out draughts and to enable them to be pushed up to three-quarter length. One *Rodex* model has a deep attached cape which pulls up to swathe around the throat; others have separate matching cravats to enhance the wrapped-up look.

Top-coat time, however, is not quite yet. Let our last glance be at the suited



silhouette of autumn. It is a lengthened silhouette, as a shadow is lengthened in the setting sun. From tall-heeled shoes it extends by long legs to a slender hipless skirt built up over the diaphragm. The rib-length jacket, three-quarter sleeved, has a collar or scarf swathed about the throat, leading the eye up to the high narrow hat worn well above the brow. The follow-through from heel to crown is emphasized by a similarity of colour throughout the whole—often a similarity of fabric in suit and hat. As we watch this slender figure, whose only curve is the sloping width across the shoulders to the elbows, it passes unhesitatingly by the cake shop and turns into the greengrocers for lemons and a lettuce.

ALISON ADBURGHAM

Repeat Performance

IT has been said before
With what a power sublime
The gramophone can store
The Now, the fleeting time;
To any record, when
It's played enough, can add
The feel of life just then,
What fun was being had—
So, children, carry on!
You're making Memory!
And when the summer's done
That pop will speak to me,
Giving the sense of Now,
Even although it bring
Me nothing more than how
You played and played the thing.

ANDE

Gardening Note

"I PRIDE myself on knowing my husband's little ways with a lawnmower and vice versa," writes Mrs. Mavis Trout. "Now, though, he has his eye on a rotary scythe and I shall be all at sea with sympathy, humour, refreshment times, etc. Can you help?"
Certainly, Mrs. Trout. Since you are hot on humour, why not a laughable comment when you first see the thing? "Fancy, flying saucers with handlebars now!" would go down well if delivered crisply two seconds after hubby has wrapped his half-length of skipping-rope

round the capstan and pulled. Your next shaft, "That'll get her airborne!" could coincide with the *next* tug and splutter, and thus your craving for fun would be satisfied without the poor man even knowing!

Now fix your face at Solicitous Confidence to show you think your husband clever enough to start the machine at the third tug but not lucky enough to manage in under thirty-nine. Take up the orthodox touchline-wife stance—hands clutching drying-up cloth and opposite elbows—and at the eighty-fourth tug say wisely "Is it a two-stroke engine, like those old motor-bikes you have to tread on?"

Don't explain why you asked this, because your motive was a practically unexplainable blend of three-tenths showing off, four-tenths wishing to help establish a mechanical atmosphere that might bring the thing to heel, and the other three-tenths just you talking because there happened to be a silence. Instead, buzz off the way you do when you're not wanted—the first six steps backwards, to show there's no umbrage—and carry on in the kitchen.

Plenty to do here. There's the excitement of hearing the sudden sustained roar, and persuading yourself that this is the Jet Age and a few hours of a few hundred decibels aren't going

to hurt the neighbours. There's the coffee it isn't worth rushing out with even when thirty seconds later there's dead silence, because next minute the engine will start coughing again and hubby will charge past with his bust bit of rope shouting "Where's the clothes-line?"

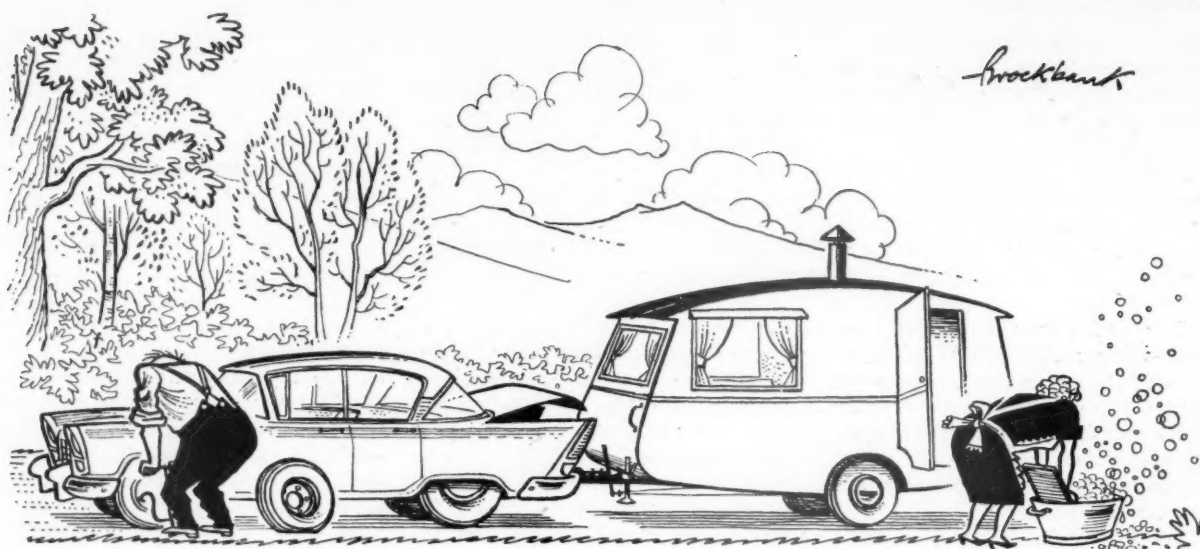
Then too you can practise saying "Oh dear, are you *sure*?" Get it really good and sympathetic and just what a man wants to hear when he strides in to say he's broken his back and wrist and all the rope and the scythe and is packing up. Hardly—and this is an odd thing about these scythes, Mrs. Trout—will the words be out of his mouth than he'll be out in the garden, again the roar will have broken out, and there he'll be, marching up and down the grass as fit as a fiddle, with you raking the cut bit for dear life and good-bye to a hot lunch! So good luck to you. Get your man a worn-out drip-dry shirt and a plastic trug and you'll be in the vanguard of the gardening world!

ANGELA MILNE

"Have you a daughter who can string words together and make them sound convincing—who wants to write advertising copy? . . ."—*The Times*
Yes and no.



"Quite frankly I'm not sure if it was the boom that hit me, or Robert."



The Hair in My Life

By PATRICK RYAN

I PROBABLY know more about not growing hair than anyone else in the world. I have not grown hair with the assistance of every hair-restorer brought before me by publicity, rumour and old wives' tale.

My scalp has had a terrible life. From the age of sixteen it has taken one long beating and has, by turns, been massaged, slapped, pummelled, stretched, oiled, greased, frozen, steamed, fried, electrocuted, and once, at a herbalist's in Blackpool, poulticed with what looked and felt like warm spinach purée but which the man said was Nature's Own Tonsorial Compost.

Psychology has not been neglected, and my hair-loss has been treated by correspondence, telpathy, hypnotism and a form of sympathetic magic. For fifteen shillings a Yogi with an address in Camden Town used to hold the thought at half-past-ten every morning that great gouts of hair were coming through my scalp. All I had to do was to close my eyes and meditate along the same lines. I was working for a baker at the time, and most mornings, while I was holding my end of the thought, I used to fall asleep and finish up face down and suffocating in the dough. This couldn't have helped the Yogi any and I think it actually upset his aim, because although he never raised any crop on my head I did finish up with the hairiest chest in the bakehouse.

Although I have never grown any hair, its pursuit has not been without compensation, for the continual exercise of scalp massage has developed two large and unusual muscles on my shoulders. Once, during my brush with the Army, when I was standing naked for inspection, my shoulders caught the attention of a zealous medical officer.

"That's a remarkable shoulder development you've got there, my man," he said. "How did you get those muscles? Weight-lifting?"

"No," I said. "I got them through rubbing stuff into my head to make my hair grow."

He put me on a charge for insolence and I got seven days varnishing coal.

My wife was oppressed by the conviction that if her mate became bald and ancient, people would conclude that she was old as well. Consequently, while all the other soldiers got cakes and books and balaclava helmets in their parcels from home, all I ever got was hair- tonic.

Although I feel justified in claiming to be up among the experts of to-day in the art of not growing hair, I would be the first to admit that, compared with my father, I am still only a novice.

In his time my father not only went through all the treatments known to commerce and folk-lore but he also became a research man and started brewing his own potions. The mixtures

were always bizarre in content, abominable in smell, and spectacular in result. Macbeth's three witches and my father would have been happy around the same pot.

I was eleven when he really got started in on the home-brewing of hair-tonics. We lived at that time in the two upstairs rooms of a terraced house near the Old Kent Road. There were plenty of homes about us which were hard up because of beer and betting, but ours was the only one brought to such straits by over-expenditure on hair-restorers.

He worked his way quickly through the minor key stuff such as castor-oil, egg-yolks, marrow-fat or goose-grease, and got down to the high drama, the really exotic mixtures. In Limehouse he picked up a recipe for a mud-pack which had to be kept in contact with the scalp for seven days and seven nights. To ensure this, after he'd plastered it on he wore a white rubber bathing-cap which strapped under his chin. He was a postman at that period, a courteous one too, and he used to doff his hat—the old coal-scuttle helmet they wore then—whenever a lady answered the door for the letters. I used to follow him on his round just to watch their faces when his death-white rubber dome peaked into view. He looked like an auguste without his face on, but one old lady asked him if he'd become a

Buddhist. The mud-pack itched him terribly in bed and he used to keep me awake at nights swearing at it. He stuck it for the full week but it never grew any hair.

A sailor gave him the secret of a potion which consisted mainly of methylated spirit and cinnamon oil. He was lolloping this over himself one evening and smoking a cigarette at the same time. It ran down his nose, the spirit caught fire and little blue flames burst out all over his head. He quickly poured a bottle of beer over himself, but for a few moments, in the failing light, the effect was quite enchanting, strangely beautiful, just as if his head was a big pink Christmas pudding ablaze with snapdragon. I asked him many times to do this salamander act again, but he never would.

While there were many memorable incidents, like the time the lotion containing copper sulphate dyed pale green his remaining hair and the top half of each ear, there is no doubt that our major adventure in search of hair followed his meeting with the Hairy Man

in a pub in Liverpool Street. It was gone midnight when he came home afterwards and he woke me up to tell me about it.

"Hairy!" he said, sitting on the edge of my bed. "I tell you, my boy, he was afflicted with it. There's never been one like him since Esau. You could barely tell where his eyebrows ended and his head began, and from the back I thought he was a woman . . . And a year ago, would you believe it, he hadn't a single hair to his name. Bald as an egg, he was, and he showed me a photograph of himself looking like a billiard ball with eyes." He shivered at the memory. "And now he's that hairy it's indecent. He got the recipe from an old, old man in Connemara and he sold it to me for ten bob. We're really on to something this time, my boy. This time we're really growing hair . . ."

Take, said the Hairy Man's instructions, four marrow-bones, an onion, almond oil, Demerara sugar, black treacle, a pint of old ale, a tablespoonful of tincture of iodine. Bring to the boil, simmer for three hours, strain, cool, and

massage the resultant jelly into the scalp night and morning.

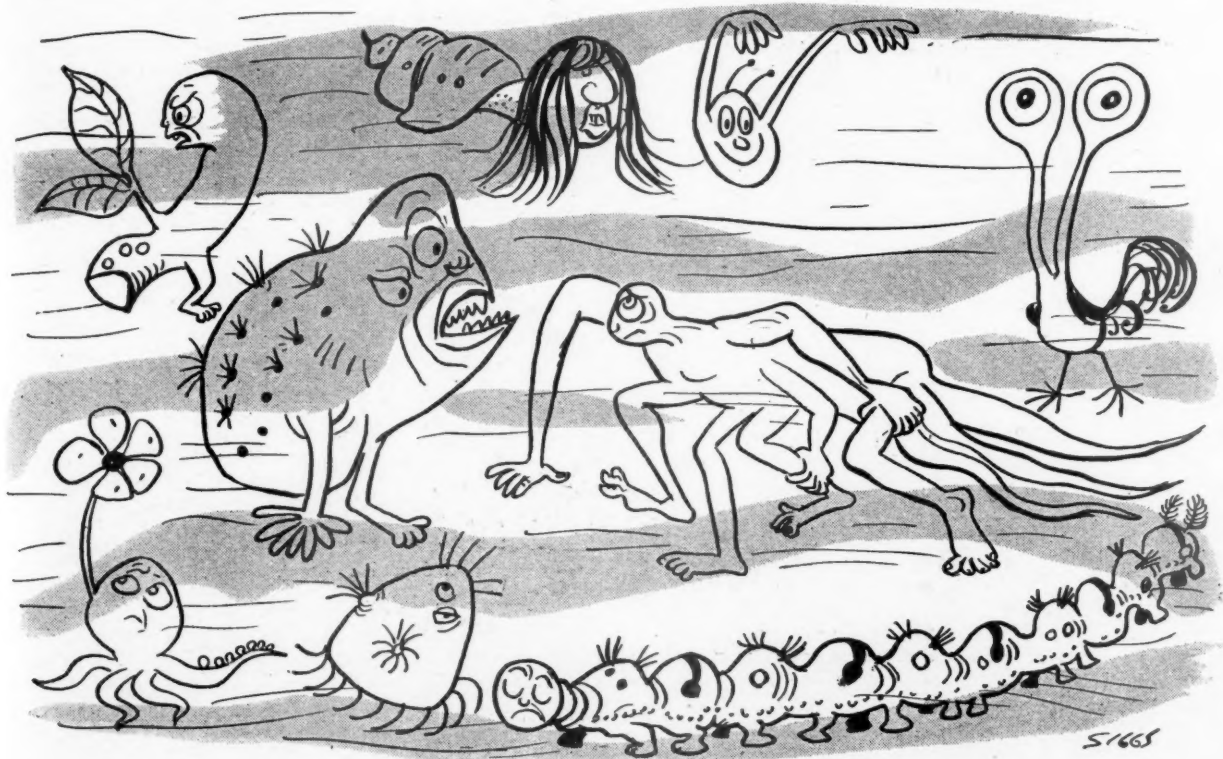
"While I'm at work to-morrow, I want you to buy the ingredients and cook it up for me. I'll attend to the straining and the rest of it when I come home."

"I'll run away to sea first," I said. "I'll buy it but I won't cook it."

So he cooked it himself next evening, and when the onion and the iodine, the beer and the almonds really got together you could smell it at the end of the street. The landlady downstairs played hell about it, but he locked himself in and saw it through for the full three hours. The fumes made an indelible brown stain on the ceiling.

The final result was a load of greasy yellow jelly which smelt like the underside of a pier. We put it in a jam-jar and he massaged it into his head night and morning. Its fragrance was always about him, and as he walked around his delivery a halo of flies circled his head and a horde of dogs followed him, noses high, tongues lolling.

He used to examine his scalp in the mirror under a magnifying glass every



"Mind you, there's nothing like the amount of fall-out round here there was, at one time."

day. One evening, after a fortnight's treatment, he gave a yelp of delight.

"By the Saints! But we've made it, boy! Look at that! There's something growing all over."

He handed me the glass and bent his head under the gas-mantle. All over his scalp tiny pale sprigs were appearing, a powdering of golden fluff.

"You're right," I said. "Something is happening. There's hair sprouting all over."

He was so pleased about it that he went round to the "Turk's Head" to celebrate his success and I had to go there at closing time and see him home.

He slapped in the jollop with greater zest than ever, and under the intensity of his massage the skin of his scalp became as loose and elastic as an old dog's back. If he nodded violently it rippled like a wave of the sea.

But he was hammering away at it as usual in the third week of the treatment when I heard him give a little pathetic moan.

"Holy Mother!" he whispered, looking in horror at his hands. "Me hair. Me existing hair. It's coming out in handfuls."

He ran his fingers gingerly through the bushy surround to his tonsure. They came out speckled with more grey hairs.

"Bring me the magnifying glass, boy. This is the end of the world."

Together we studied his head and all the jubilation went out of us. The

golden fluff had gone, not a trace of it remained and his scalp was a smooth desert, an angry shining pink, and covered in a mesh of tiny wrinkles like the crackle on the surface of an old master.

The misery and disappointment of it drove him round to the "Turk's Head" again and I had to hunt him out as usual at closing time. He carried on with the treatment but he'd lost his first fine faith and took to swearing at the unguent as he rubbed it in. Then, at the end of the following week, disaster really set in.

The crackle began to dry and break up, and the skin to peel off his scalp. It curled up in little white spikes and before it finally flaked away you'd have thought he was growing desiccated coconut. It left him with a brand-new scalp surface, baby-pink and delicate, smooth as silk, nude as ivory, and as tender and sensitive as sunburn. To wear his postman's hat was purgatory, and he had to go to the doctor for treatment. As a result we spent the time from then on dabbing his head with calamine lotion instead of the mush from Connemara.

A couple of weeks later, when I was cooking the porridge for breakfast, I heard him shouting in the bedroom. I went in and saw him holding the jar in a quivering hand.

"Hair!" he snarled through bared teeth. "Look! It's growing hair on its blasted self."

He was right. A curious mould was growing on top of the balm, and a forest of inch-long golden strands, just like human hair, completely covered its surface and waved gently against the glass. I blew on them and they swayed, bowed and sprang up again like grass in the wind.

"Damn and set fire to it," yelled my father. "It strips the living flesh from me body and takes half me precious hair with it . . . Not a single hair will it bring to me own head, but a fine handsome growth it puts upon itself . . ."

He exploded and hurled the jam-jar through the window—which, unfortunately, was shut. The jar smashed through in a tinkling shower of glass and crashed like a bomb under the nose of the milkman's horse. Plastered with hair-restorer, it bolted, the cart overturned, churns fell over and milk flowed like white blood in the gutter.

That, I'm afraid, was always the way of him. Like Alexander Woollcott, he was a good man but hasty, and he did things in passion which cost him dear in retribution. The landlady played hell about the window, and it took him a long time to pay off the milkman.

And the saddest thing about it all, in retrospect, is that it was probably the only time that we really had a chance of getting a dividend from our research. If only we'd kept that jam-jar we might have been famous, knighted and deep in the money, because I feel pretty sure now that we had discovered penicillin.



COPYRIGHT © 1958 by Bradbury, Agnew & Company, Limited. All rights of reproduction are reserved in respect of all articles, sketches, drawings, etc., published in PUNCH in all parts of the world. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will always consider requests for permission to reprint. Editorial contributions requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 9d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Eire 2½d.; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas 3½d. Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post" + Printed Papers—Reduced Rate.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES: (including all Special and Extra Numbers and Postage). Great Britain and Eire £2.16.0; Canada (by Canadian Magazine Post) \$2.10.0 (\$7.25); Elsewhere Overseas £3.0.0 (U.S.A. \$9.00). U.S.A. and Canadian readers may remit by cheques on their own Banks. Other Overseas readers should consult their Bankers or remit by Postal Money Order. For prompt service please send orders by Air Mail to PUNCH, 10 Boulevard Street, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, England.

8
s
a
t
s
e
s
7
n
s
t
e
r
d
s
e
n
k
y
e
l
r
l
n
n
e
e
t
o
e
e
l
e
y
2